The Second Part of
King Henry VI.

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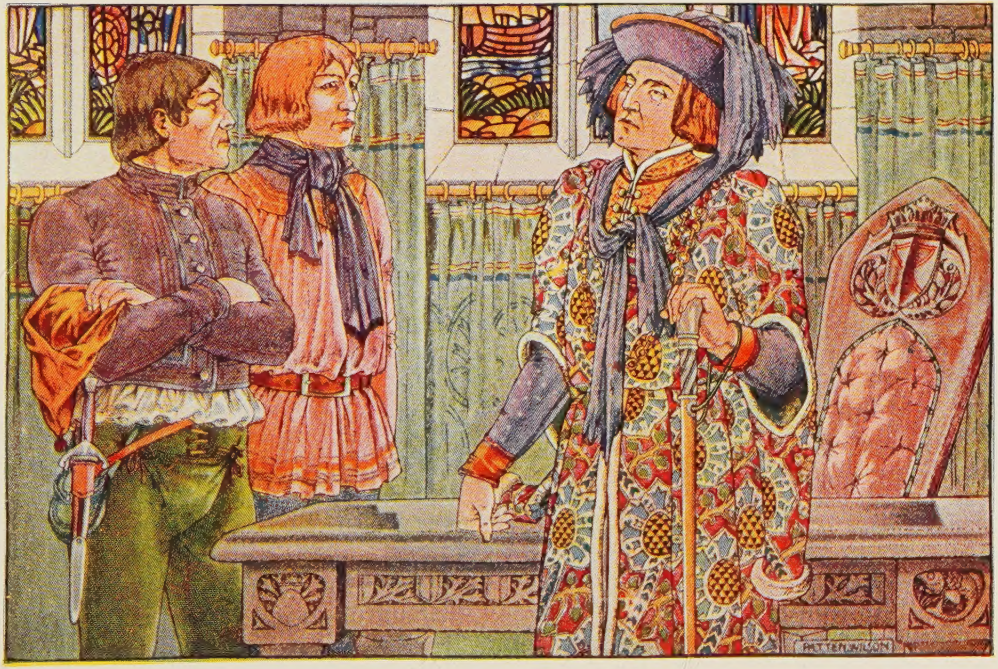

SUFFOLK: "Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?"

KING HENRY VI Part II *Act* III *Scene* 2

Booklovers Edition

King Henry VI
Second Part

by

William Shakespeare

With Introductions,
Notes, Glossary,
Critical Comments,
and Method of Study

The University Society
New York

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Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Margaret of Anjou is brought over to England and wedded to King Henry VI.; but—much to the consternation of the King's uncle, Gloucester, the lord protector—she comes dowerless, and the duchies for which Henry V. warred are suffered to remain in French hands. Though the upright Gloucester's grief is strongly uttered, he is not upheld when he unburdens it to the other nobles. Instead, they make a temporary truce of their own quarreling, which has proceeded continuously during the young King's reign, and unite against the lord protector. They find a ready ally in the Queen, who is eager to secure unlimited control over her weak husband. They make their first attack through Gloucester's ambitious wife. She is betrayed into harbouring sorcerers who raise a spirit that utters sayings against the heads of the realm. She and the conjurers are taken into custody.

II. The Duchess of Gloucester is brought to trial and banished. Gloucester is deprived of his post of lord protector, and is summoned before Parliament.

Meanwhile the strife between the houses of York and Lancaster gathers force. The Duke of York convinces the powerful earls of Warwick and Salisbury of his right to the crown.

III. Gloucester answers the summons and appears before Parliament. He is accused of high treason and committed to prison, and since his accusers can find no evidence to support their charge against his integrity,

he is foully assassinated by direction of the Duke of Suffolk. The populace, learning of the deed, are driven to desperation, and storm the palace, demanding the death or exile of Suffolk, who is forthwith banished, and afterwards is slain at sea by pirates.

The powerless monarch's sway is marked by continued losses. News comes of the loss of the last of the French territories. Other tidings tell of an uprising in Ireland. The lords, jealous of York's power, think to be rid of him by sending him against the Irish. York, however, is glad of the pretext to muster an army; and before he sets sail he incites a rebellion at home under Jack Cade, a Kentish labourer.

IV. After meeting with one or two small successes, seizing London Bridge, and entering the city, Cade's forces are dispersed by the royal troops. The populace renew allegiance to the King, and sue for pardon, which is granted. But a price is placed on the head of the fugitive Cade, and he is slain. York's connection with this rebellion has been hidden; but upon hearing of its outcome he returns to England at the head of his army, ostensibly to redress private wrongs, though really to assist his claim to the throne.

V. The King holds parley with York near Blackheath, but the conference ends in open defiance on the part of the subject. The two armies meet in conflict on the field of Saint Albans, where the King, who now represents the Lancastrians, is defeated and forced to fly towards London. The victorious York and Warwick resolve to march rapidly upon the capital.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

King Henry.

There is something of irony in the scene with which the second part of *Henry VI.* opens. Suffolk, the Lance-

lot of this tragedy, has brought from France the Princess Margaret, and the joy of the blameless King, upon receiving, at the cost of two hard-won provinces, this terrible wife, who will "dandle him like a baby," has in it something pitiable, something pathetic, and something ludicrous. The relations of the King to Margaret throughout the play are delicately and profoundly conceived. He clings to her as to something stronger than himself; he dreads her as a boy might dread some formidable master:—

Exeter. Here comes the Queen, whose looks betray her anger:
I'll steal away.
Henry. And so will I.

Yet through his own freedom from passion he derives a sense of superiority to his wife; and after she has dashed him all over with the spray of her violent anger and her scorn, Henry may be seen mildly wiping away the drops, insufferably placable, offering excuses for the vituperation and the insults which he has received:—

"Poor Queen, how love to me and to her son
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!"

Among his "wolfish earls" Henry is in constant terror, not of being himself torn to pieces, but of their flying at one another's throats. Violent scenes, disturbing the cloistral peace which it would please him to see reign throughout the universe, are hateful and terrible to Henry. He rides out hawking with his Queen and Suffolk, the Cardinal and Gloucester; some of the riders hardly able for an hour to conceal their emulation and their hate. Henry takes a languid interest in the sport, but all occasions supply food for his contemplative piety; he suffers from a certain incontinence of devout feeling, and now the falcons set him moralizing:—

"But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!
To see how God in all his creatures works!"

A moment after and the peers, with Margaret among them, are bandying furious words. Henry's anguish is extreme, but he hopes that something may be done by a few moral reflections suitable to the occasion:—

> I pr'ythee, peace,
> Good Queen, and whet not on these furious peers,
> For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.
> *Cardinal.* Let me be blessed for the peace I make
> Against this proud Protector with my sword.

The angry colloquy is presently silenced by the cry, "A miracle! a miracle!" and the impostor Simcox and his wife appear. Henry, with his fatuous proclivity towards the edifying, rejoices in this manifestation of God's grace in the restoration to sight of a man born blind:—

> "Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
> Although by his sight his sin be multiplied."

(That is to say, "If we had the good-fortune to be deprived of all our senses and appetites, we should have a fair chance of being quite spotless; yet let us thank God for his mysterious goodness to this man!") And once more, when the Protector, by a slight exercise of shrewdness and common sense, has unmasked the rogue and has had him whipped, extreme is the anguish of the King:—

> *K. Henry.* O God! seest thou this, and bearest so long?
> *Queen.* It made me laugh to see the villain run.

But the feeble saint, who is cast down upon the occurrence of a piece of vulgar knavery, can himself abandon to butchers the noblest life in England. His conscience assures him that Gloucester is innocent; he hopes the Duke will be able to clear himself; but Gloucester's judges are Suffolk, "with his cloudy brow," sharp Buckingham,

> "And dogged York, that reaches at the moon."

Henry is not equal to confronting such terrible faces as these; and so, trusting to God, who will do all things

well, he slinks out of the Parliament shedding tears, and leaves Gloucester to his fate:—

> "My lords, what to your wisdom seemeth best,
> Do, or undo, as if ourself were here."

When Henry hears that his uncle is dead, he swoons; he suspects that the noble old man has been foully dealt with; but judgement belongs to God; possibly his suspicion may be a false one; how terrible if he should sully his purity of heart with a false suspicion! may God forgive him if he do so! And thus humouring his timorous, irritable conscience, Henry is incapable of action, and allows things to take their course.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

III.

Margaret.

As regards the conception of the character of the Queen which is first revealed to us in this part, some commentators have blamed Shakspeare for having unnecessarily made her a hideous Megæra, and maintain it to be especially intolerable to see the pious, unfortunate King so openly represented as a deceived husband. It is certainly true that in Margaret's character we still have the echo of those gloomy sounds of the horrible which in *Titus Andronicus* we had in the fullest reverberations, and this again proves with tolerable certainty that the two last parts of *Henry VI.* likewise belong to Shakspeare's earlier works. It is also true that adultery did not require to be added to the other crimes of the Queen. And yet without it we should not have received such a perfect insight into her character, which is so important for the whole play. For it is self-evident that such an energetic, violent and thoroughly unfeminine nature, with such passionateness and heat of temper, could not have had any affection for the cold, unmanly

and effeminate King, or have remained faithful to him. Hence even though history has not expressly told us of it—however, if not mentioned by Holinshed (as Gervinus says) it is expressly stated in Grafton's (Hall's) Chronicle—the Poet at all events could not be silent on a subject, which, as a matter of consistency, was demanded by history. Moreover, this terrible energy and enormity, this shameless display of evil, such as is here exhibited in a woman, is no doubt more dramatic, nay the very representation of it is more moral than the secret sin which creeps along in darkness, and the unexpressed suspicion of which must be entertained by the spectators. In fact, the Poet required an embodiment of the prevailing vices and crimes, a character in which was concentrated the whole demoralisation of the age, in order to give a description of the times, and to unfold the meaning and significance of his drama in the fullest manner.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

Among the arguments against the authenticity of these plays [the three parts of *Henry VI.*], the character of Margaret of Anjou has not been adduced, and yet to those who have studied Shakspeare in his own spirit, it will appear the most conclusive of all. When we compare her with his other female characters, we are struck at once by the want of family likeness; Shakspeare was not always equal, but he had not two *manners*, as they say of painters. I discern his hand in particular parts, but I cannot recognize his spirit in the conception of the whole: he may have laid on some of the colours, but the original design has a certain hardness and heaviness, very unlike his usual style. Margaret of Anjou, as exhibited in these tragedies, is a dramatic portrait of considerable truth, and vigour, and consistency—but she is not one of Shakspeare's women. He who knew so well in what true greatness of spirit consisted—who could excite our respect and sympathy even for a Lady

Macbeth, would never have given us a heroine without a touch of heroism; he would not have portrayed a high-hearted woman, struggling unsubdued against the strangest vicissitudes of fortune, meeting reverses and disasters, such as would have broken the most masculine spirit, with unshaken constancy, yet left her without a single personal quality which could excite our interest in her bravely endured misfortunes; and this too in the very face of history. He would not have given us, in lieu of the magnanimous queen, the subtle and accomplished French woman, a mere "Amazonian trull," with every coarser feature of depravity and ferocity; he would have redeemed her from unmingled detestation; he would have breathed into her some of his own sweet spirit—he would have given the woman a soul.

The old chronicler Hall informs us, that Queen Margaret "excelled all other as well in beauty and favour, as in wit and policy, and was in stomach and courage more like to a man than to a woman." He adds that, after the espousals of Henry and Margaret, "the King's friends fell from him; the lords of the realm fell in division among themselves; the Commons rebelled against their natural prince; fields were foughten; many thousands slain; and, finally, the king was deposed, and his son slain, and his queen sent home again with as much misery and sorrow as she was received with pomp and triumph."

This passage seems to have furnished the groundwork of the character as it is developed in these plays with no great depth or skill. Margaret is portrayed with all the exterior graces of her sex; as bold and artful, with spirit to dare, resolution to act, and fortitude to endure; but treacherous, haughty, dissembling, vindictive, and fierce. The bloody struggle for power in which she was engaged, and the companionship of the ruthless iron men around her, seem to have left her nothing of womanhood but the heart of a mother—that last stronghold of our feminine nature! So far the character

is consistently drawn: it has something of the power, but none of the flowing ease, of Shakspeare's manner. There are fine materials not well applied; there is poetry in some of the scenes and speeches; the situations are often exceedingly poetical; but in the character of Margaret herself there is not an atom of poetry. In her artificial dignity, her plausible wit, and her endless volubility, she would remind us of some of the most admired heroines of French tragedy, but for that unlucky box on the ear which she gives the Duchess of Gloucester—a violation of tragic decorum, which of course destroys all parallel.

Having said thus much, I shall point out some of the finest and most characteristic scenes in which Margaret appears. The speech in which she expresses her scorn of her meek husband, and her impatience of the power exercised by those fierce, overbearing barons, York, Salisbury, Warwick, Buckingham, is very fine, and conveys as faithful an idea of those feudal times as of the woman who speaks. The burst of female spite with which she concludes, is admirable:—

> Not all these lords do vex me half so much
> As that proud dame, the Lord Protector's wife.
> She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
> More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife.
> Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
> She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
> And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
> Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
> Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,
> She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
> The very train of her worst wearing gown
> Was better worth than all my father's lands
> Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Her intriguing spirit, the facility with which she enters into the murderous confederacy against the good Duke Humphrey, the artful plausibility with which she endeavours to turn suspicion from herself—confounding

her gentle consort by mere dint of words—are exceedingly characteristic, but not the less revolting.

Her criminal love for Suffolk (which is a dramatic incident, not an historic fact) gives rise to the beautiful parting scene in the third act; a scene which it is impossible to read without a thrill of emotion, hurried away by that power and pathos which forces us to sympathize with the eloquence of grief, yet excites not a momentary interest either for Margaret or her lover. The ungoverned fury of Margaret in the first instance, the manner in which she calls on Suffolk to curse his enemies, and then shrinks back overcome by the violence of the spirit she had herself evoked, and terrified by the vehemence of his imprecations; the transition in her mind from the extremity of rage to tears and melting fondness, have been pronounced, and justly, to be in Shakspeare's own manner:—

> Go, speak not to me—even now begone.
> O go not yet! Even thus two friends condemn'd
> Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
> Loather a hundred times to part than die:
> Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

which is followed by that beautiful and intense burst of passion from Suffolk—

> 'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence;
> A wilderness is populous enough,
> So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
> For where thou art, there is the world itself,
> With every several pleasure in the world,
> And where thou art not, desolation.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

IV.

The Cade Scenes.

That insurrection comes in aptly as the first outbreak of the great social schism, the elements of which had

been long working in secret, and growing to a head. The passages of humour, interspersed through the scenes of Cade and his followers, being mostly the same in the original form of the play, yield strong evidence in the question of authorship. It seems hard to believe that any one but Shakespeare could have written them, no instances in that line at all approaching these having been elsewhere given by any other writer of that time. For in poetry merely, Shakespeare, though immeasurably above any or all of his senior contemporaries, differs from them but in degree; but in the article of humour he shows a difference from them in kind. And it is remarkable that the instinct and impulse of humour seem in this case to have put him upon blending together the elements of two widely-separated passages of history: the persons and events being those of the insurrection known as Jack Cade's; while the sentiments and designs are the same, in part, which became matter of history some seventy years before in the rebellion of Wat Tyler and Jack Straw. This curious fact was first pointed out by Mr. Courtenay, who cites the following from Holinshed's account of the earlier insurrection: "They began to show proof of those things which they had before conceived in their minds—beheading all such men of law as they might catch, alleging that the land could never enjoy her true liberty till all those sorts of people were despatched out of the way. This talk liked well the ears of the common people, and they purposed to burn and destroy all records, evidences, court-rolls, and other monuments, that their landlords might not have whereby to challenge any right at their hands. What wickedness was it, to compel teachers of children in grammar schools to swear never to instruct any in this art! For it was dangerous among them to be known for one that was learned; and more dangerous, if any one were found with a penner and ink-horn at his side. At Blackheath, when the greatest multitude was there

got together, John Ball made a sermon, taking this saying for his theme:—

'When Adam delv'd and Eve span,
Who was then a gentleman?'"

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

The forcible realism, the simple vigour and lifelike humour of these scenes, cannot, it is urged, be due to any other [than Shakespeare] so early at work in the field of comedy. A critic desirous to press this point might further insist on the likeness or identity of tone between these and all later scenes in which Shakespeare has taken on him to paint the action and passion of an insurgent populace. With him, it might too plausibly be argued, the people once risen in revolt for any just or unjust cause is always the mob, the unwashed rabble, the swinish multitude; full as he is of wise and gracious tenderness for individual character, of swift and ardent pity for personal suffering, he has no deeper or finer feeling than scorn for "the beast with many heads" that fawn and butt at bidding as they are swayed by the vain and violent breath of any worthless herdsman. For the drovers who guide and misguide at will the turbulent flocks of their mutinous cattle his store of bitter words is inexhaustible; it is a treasure-house of obloquy which can never be drained dry.

SWINBURNE: *A Study of Shakespeare.*

I cannot persuade myself that these [Cade scenes] were not from the very first the work of Shakespeare. It is evident that they cannot proceed from the pen of Marlowe. An attempt has been made to attribute them to Greene, on the ground that there are other folk-scenes in his works which display a similar strain of humour. But the difference is enormous. It is true that the text here follows the chronicle with extraordinary fidelity; but it was precisely in this ingenious adaptation of mate-

rial that Shakespeare always showed his strength. And these scenes answer so completely to all the other folk-scenes in Shakespeare, and are so obviously the outcome of the habit of political thought which runs through his whole life, becoming ever more and more pronounced, that we cannot possibly accept them as showing only the trivial alterations and retouches which elsewhere distinguish his text from the older version.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

V.

The Enveloping Nemesis.

The subject of the second part of *Henry VI.* is the progress of disorder in the country consequent on the weak character of the King, his want of every spark of kingly, national or even manly spirit. Of a devout tendency, his religious feelings have not the energy to rise from a pious ejaculation to a fervent prayer, still less to stimulate a really conscientious action. Selfishly and imprudently he married Margaret to gratify a passion foolishly adopted at second hand, and makes no effort to control a wife whose vague animosities hurry him to destruction; he deserts Gloucester in base cravenheartedness, and when he is murdered almost under his eyes, banishes the murderer Suffolk only when compelled by the indignant outbreak of the commons, and then from no higher motive than apprehension of consequences to himself. Afterwards he is as ready to purchase his own tranquillity by the sacrifice of the rights of his son; and thus on the strength of harmlessness and freedom from active vice, he brings the country into civil war, and takes rank as a saint. The character of Gloucester is finely contrasted with that of the King: he has a reputation for goodness—the good Duke Humphrey, as the King for saintship; and his goodness, though of more genuine quality, is at the last as nugatory from like defect

of energy. He laments the base forfeiture of national honour, that never gives the King concern, yet does nothing worthy of his position to save it, is utterly incapable of coping with the ill-conditioned Cardinal, and descends to a useless and degrading brawl, and is at last his victim, and is as unable to rule, or guide, or protect his wife, as Henry himself. Such a pretence of government is entirely out of harmony with the genius of the country both in commonalty and nobility, and both classes become agitated sympathetically. The men of Kent are represented as rising in disgust and contempt for the ordinance of a bookish priestlike king and counsellors, who acquiesce in the loss of conquests of a bolder monarch; and a powerful confederacy of nobles lends aid to the claimant of the throne by the elder line, who certainly possesses many qualities that are more worthy of power, though as usual in history they can only command power through violence and fraud, that bring on a Nemesis behind them. The crown that came to the line of Lancaster, through the dissolute misgovernment of Richard II. falls from it again through the misgovernment of the factitious piety of an enervate devotee.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

VI.

A Great Advance.

The second part of *Henry VI.* is manifestly a great advance upon the first, and that in nearly all the particulars of dramatic excellence. The several members are well knit together; the characterization is bold, but, in the main, firm and steady; the action clear, free, and generally carried on in that consecutiveness that every later part seems the natural growth and issue of what had gone before. Much of this superiority, no doubt, was owing to the nature of the materials, which, besides yielding a greater variety of interest, were of themselves

more limber and pliant to the shaping of art, and presented less to distract and baffle the powers of dramatic assortment and composition. The losses in France having been despatched in the former play, nothing of them remained for the Poet's use, but the domestic irritations they had engendered; which irritations were as so many eggs of discord in the nest of English life, and Queen Margaret the hot-breasted fury that hatched them into effect. The hatching process is the main subject of this play, and to that end the representation is ordered with considerable skill.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Shakespeare and Others.

In the earliest form known to us of this play it should seem that we have traces of Shakespeare's handiwork, in the latest that we find evidence of Marlowe's. But it would be something too extravagant for the veriest wind-sucker among commentators to start a theory that a revision was made of his original work by Marlowe after additions had been made to it by Shakespeare; yet . . . the most unmistakable signs of Marlowe's handiwork, the passages which show most plainly the personal and present seal of his genius, belong to the play only in its revised form.

SWINBURNE: *A Study of Shakespeare.*

There is on the whole no difficulty in distinguishing the work of other hands in the old texts. We can enjoy, point by point, not only Shakespeare's superiority, but his peculiar style, as we here find it in the very process of development; and we can study his whole method of work in the text which he ultimately produces.

We have here an almost unique opportunity of observing him in the character of a critical artist. We see

what improvements he makes by a trivial retouch, or a mere rearrangement of words. Thus, when Gloucester says of his wife (II. iv.)—

> "Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
> To tread them with her tender-feeling feet,"

all his sympathy speaks in these words. In the old text it is she who says this of herself. In York's great soliloquy in the first act, beginning "Anjou and Maine are given to the French," the first twenty-four lines are Shakespeare's; the rest belong to the old text. From the second "Anjou and Maine" onwards, the verse is conventional and monotonous; the meaning ends with the end of each line, and a pause, as it were, ensues; whereas the verse of the opening passage is full of dramatic movement, life, and fire.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

It is unwise to go beyond the extremely strong presumption that Marlowe, at one point or other in the development of the play, impressed his genius on the materials and helped to give them their present shape. The characters of Margaret, of Suffolk, of York, of Richard, perhaps owe as much in execution to Shakespeare's dramatic grip as to Marlowe's fiery rhetoric; but their first conception was almost certainly Marlowe's. The boldness with which the portentous figure of Richard is made to dominate the entire latter half of the action in defiance of chronology and of his traditional character is in keeping with the splendid lawlessness of Marlowe in his dealings with history. Above all, Marlowe must be credited with the powerful tragic motive of Suffolk's intrigue with the Queen, of which Holinshed says no word. To Shakespeare such a situation was at all times unattractive; but the recent painter of the guilty loves of Isabel the queen and young Mortimer was keenly alive to its tragic force.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING HENRY *the Sixth.*
HUMPHREY, *Duke of Gloucester, his uncle.*
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester, great-uncle to the King.*
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*
EDWARD and RICHARD, *his sons.*
DUKE OF SOMERSET.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
LORD CLIFFORD.
Young CLIFFORD, *his son.*
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL OF WARWICK.
LORD SCALES.
LORD SAY.
SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD and WILLIAM STAFFORD, *his brother.*
SIR JOHN STANLEY.
VAUX.
MATTHEW GOFFE.
A Sea-captain, Master, and Master's-Mate, and WALTER WHITMORE.
Two Gentlemen, *prisoners with Suffolk.*
JOHN HUME and JOHN SOUTHWELL, *priests.*
BOLINGBROKE, *a conjurer.*
THOMAS HORNER, *an armourer.* PETER, *his man.*
Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Alban's.
SIMPCOX, *an impostor.*
ALEXANDER IDEN, *a Kentish gentleman.*
JACK CADE, *a rebel.*
GEORGE BEVIS, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK *the butcher,* SMITH *the weaver,* MICHAEL, etc., *followers of Cade.*
Two Murderers.

MARGARET, *Queen to King Henry.*
ELEANOR, *Duchess of Gloucester.*
MARGARET JOURDAIN, *a witch.*
Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants, Petitioners, Aldermen, a Herald, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers, Citizens, 'Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, etc.

A Spirit.

SCENE: *England.*

The Second Part of

KING HENRY VI.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

London. The palace.

Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, the King, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, Salisbury, Warwick, and Cardinal Beaufort, on the one side; The Queen, Suffolk, York, Somerset, and Buckingham, on the other.

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your grace,
So, in the famous ancient city Tours,
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,
I have perform'd my task and was espoused;
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;

The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king received.

King. Suffolk, arise. Welcome, Queen Margaret:
I can express no kinder sign of love
Than this kind kiss. O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
For thou hast given me in this beauteous face
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Queen. Great King of England and my gracious lord,
The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
By day, by night, waking and in my dreams,
In courtly company or at my beads,
With you, mine alder-liefest sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

King. Her sight did ravish; but her grace in speech,
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys;
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All [*kneeling*]. Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Queen. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glou. [*Reads*] 'Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king Charles and William de la Pole, Marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King

of England, that the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia and Jerusalem, and crown her Queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. Item, that the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father—'

[*Lets the paper fall.*

King. Uncle, how now!

Glou. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

King. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Car. [*Reads*] 'Item, It is further agreed between them, that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father, and she sent over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.'

King. They please us well. Lord marquess, kneel down:
We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And gird the with the sword. Cousin of York,
We here discharge your grace from being regent
I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expired. Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloucester, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in, and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.*

Glou. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,

To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Received deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
And had his highness in his infancy
Crowned in Paris in despite of foes?
And shall these labours and these honours die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war and all our counsel die?
O peers of England, shameful is this league!
Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been!

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,
This peroration with such circumstance?
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glou. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;

But now it is impossible we should:
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
Hath given the duchy of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of Him that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy.
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

War. For grief that they are past recovery:
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu!

York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold and dowries with their wives;
And our King Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glou. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have stay'd in France and starved in France,
Before—

Car. My lord of Gloucester, now ye grow too hot:
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Glou. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind;
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy,
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown:
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There 's reason he should be displeased at it.
Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him 'Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester,'
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,
'Jesu maintain your royal excellence!'
With 'God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!'
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself?
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,
We 'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay;
I 'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride
And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal:
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside:
If Gloucester be displaced, he 'll be protector.

Buck. Or thou or I, Somerset, will be protector,
Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal.
[*Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.*

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
I never saw but Humphrey Duke of Gloucester
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal,
More like a soldier than a man o' the church,
As stout and proud as he were lord of all,
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.
Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping,
Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey:
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline,
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd and honoured of the people:
Join we together, for the public good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppress

The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country!

York. [*Aside*] And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

Sal. Then let 's make haste away, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost;
That Maine which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept so long as breath did last!
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.
[*Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury.*

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleased
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all: what is 't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends and give to courtezans,
Still revelling like lords till all be gone;
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shared and all is borne away,
Ready to starve and dare not touch his own:

So York must sit and fret and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.
Methinks the realms of England, France and Ireland
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood
As did the fatal brand Althæa burn'd
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!
Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts
And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that 's the golden mark I seek to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fits not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:
Watch thou and wake when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed;
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I 'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.
[*Exit.*

Scene II.

The Duke of Gloucester's house.

Enter Duke Humphrey and his wife Eleanor.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem,
Enchased with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold.
What, is 't too short? I 'll lengthen it with mine;
And, having both together heaved it up,
We 'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abase our sight so low
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glou. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts.
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

Duch. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I 'll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glou. Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand

Were placed the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,
And William de la Pole, first Duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream: what it doth bode, God knows.

Duch. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a stick of Gloucester's grove
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;
Where Henry and dame Margaret kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

Glou. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtured Eleanor,
Art thou not second woman in the realm,
And the protector's wife, beloved of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband and thyself
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more!

Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time I 'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

Glou. Nay, be not angry; I am pleased again.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,
Where as the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Glou. I go. Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

Duch. Yes, my good lord, I 'll follow presently.

[*Exeunt Gloucester and Messenger.*

Follow I must; I cannot go before,
While Gloucester bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks
And smooth my way upon their headless necks;
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortune's pageant.
Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, man,
We are alone; here 's none but thee and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume. Jesus preserve your royal majesty!

Duch. What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,
With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised, to show your highness
A spirit raised from depth of under-ground,
That shall make answer to such questions
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Duch. It is enough; I 'll think upon the questions:
When from Saint Alban's we do make return,
We 'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause. [*Exit.*

Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;

Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume!
Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum:
The business asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold flies from another coast;
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk,
Yet I do find it so; for, to be plain,
They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
And buz these conjurations in her brain.
They say 'A crafty knave does need no broker;'
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck,
And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall:
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

The palace.

Enter three or four Petitioners, Peter, the Armourer's man, being one.

First Petit. My masters, let 's stand close: my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

Sec. Petit. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he 's a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter Suffolk and Queen.

Peter. Here a' comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I 'll be the first, sure.

Sec. Petit. Come back, fool; this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow! wouldst any thing with me?

First Petit. I pray, my lord, pardon me; I took ye for my lord protector.

Queen. [*Reading*] 'To my Lord Protector!' Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: what is thine?

First Petit. Mine is, an 't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too! that 's some wrong, indeed. What 's yours? what 's here! [*Reads*] 'Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.' How now, sir knave!

Sec. Petit. Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter [*giving his petition*]. Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Queen. What say'st thou? did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master was? no, forsooth: my master said that he was, and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [*Enter Servant.*] Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant

presently: we 'll hear more of your matter before
the king. [*Exit Servant with Peter.*

Queen. And as for you, that love to be protected
Under the wings of our protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.
[*Tears the supplications.*
Away, base cullions! Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let 's be gone. [*Exeunt.*

Queen. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashion in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What, shall King Henry be a pupil still
Under the surly Gloucester's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours
Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,
And stolest away the ladies' hearts of France,
I thought King Henry had resembled thee
In courage, courtship and proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number Ave-Maries on his beads;
His champions are the prophets and apostles,
His weapons holy saws of sacred writ,
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canonized saints.
I would the college of the cardinals
Would choose him pope and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head:
That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause

Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.

Queen. Beside the haughty protector, have we Beaufort,
The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York; and not the least of these
But can do more in England than the king.

Suf. And he of these that can do most of all
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Queen. Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife:
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty:
Shall I not live to be avenged on her?
Contemptuous base-born callet as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other day.
The very train of her worst wearing gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have limed a bush for her,
And placed a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest: and, madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him and with the lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the Duke of York, this late complaint

Will make but little for his benefit.
So, one by one, we 'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Sound a Sennet. Enter the King, Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, Cardinal Beaufort, Buckingham, York, Somerset, Salisbury, Warwick, and the Duchess of Gloucester.

King. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or Somerset or York, all 's one to me.
York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be denay'd the regentship.
Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent; I will yield to him.
War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that: York is the worthier.
Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.
War. The cardinal 's not my better in the field.
Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.
War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.
Sal. Peace, son! and show some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.
Queen. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.
Glou. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure: these are no women's matters.
Queen. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?
Glou. Madam, I am protector of the realm;
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.
Suf. Resign it then and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king—as who is king but thou?—
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck;
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;

And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings and thy wife's attire
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Queen. Thy sale of offices and towns in France,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.
[*Exit Gloucester. The Queen drops her fan.*
Give me my fan: what, minion! can ye not?
[*She gives the Duchess a box on the ear.*
I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?

Duch. Was 't I! yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I 'ld set my ten commandments in your face.

King. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.

Duch. Against her will! good king, look to 't in time;
She 'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unrevenged. [*Exit.*

Buck. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
She 's tickled now; her fume needs no spurs,
She 'll gallop far enough to her destruction. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Gloucester.

Glou. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,

I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country!
But, to the matter that we have in hand:
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I 'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet:
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My Lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands:
Last time, I danced attendance on his will
Till Paris was besieged, famish'd, and lost.

War. That can I witness; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Horner, the Armourer, and his man Peter, guarded.

Suf. Because here is a man accused of treason:
Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

King. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me, what are these?

Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason:
His words were these: that Richard Duke of York

Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
And that your majesty was an usurper.

King. Say, man, were these thy words?

Hor. An 't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter: God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the villain.

Pet. By these ten bones, my lords, he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my Lord of York's armour.

York. Base dunghill villain and mechanical,
I 'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my 'prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witness of this; therefore I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

King. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Glou. This doom, my lord, if I may judge:
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion:
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place,
For he hath witness of his servant's malice:
This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake, pity my case. The spite of man prevaileth

against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow. O Lord, my heart!

Glou. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

King. Away with them to prison; and the day of combat shall be the last of the next month. Come, Somerset, we 'll see thee sent away.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Gloucester's garden.

Enter Margery Jourdain, Hume, Southwell, and Bolingbroke.

Hume. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided: will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay, what else? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go, in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit Hume.*] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate and grovel on the earth; John Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.

Enter Duchess aloft, Hume following.

Duch. Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To this gear the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:
Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you and fear not: whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they do the ceremonies belonging, and make the circle; Bolingbroke or Southwell reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.*

Spir. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asmath,
By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spir. Ask what thou wilt. That I had said and done!

Boling. 'First of the king: what shall of him become?'

[*Reading out of a paper.*

Spir. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer.*

Boling. 'What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?'

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. 'What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?'

Spir. Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness and the burning lake!
False fiend, avoid!
[*Thunder and lightning. Exit Spirit.*

Enter the Duke of York and the Duke of Buckingham with their Guard and break in.

York. Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash.
Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an inch.
What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal
Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke, that threatest where 's no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all: what call you this?
Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close,
And kept asunder. You, madam, shall with us.
Stafford, take her to thee.
[*Exeunt above Duchess and Hume, guarded.*
We 'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming.
All, away!
[*Exeunt guard with Jourdain, Southwell, &c.*

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well:
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let 's see the devil's writ.
What have we here? [*Reads.*
'The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.'
Why this is just
'Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.'
Well, to the rest:

'Tell me, what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?
By water shall he die, and take his end.
What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?
Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand.'
Come, come, my lords;
These oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood.
The king is now in progress towards Saint Alban's,
With him the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them:
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York,
To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord. Who 's within there, ho!

Enter a Serving-man.

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick
To sup with me to-morrow night. Away!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Saint Alban's.

Enter the King, Queen, Gloucester, Cardinal, and Suffolk, with Falconers halloing.

Queen. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;

And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.
King. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!
To see how God in all His creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.
Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.
Glou. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
Car. I thought as much; he would be above the clouds.
Glou. Ay, my lord cardinal? how think you by that?
Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?
King. The treasury of everlasting joy.
Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!
Glou. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?
Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
With such holiness can you do it?
Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.
Glou. As who, my lord?
Suf. Why, as you, my lord,
An 't like your lordly lord-protectorship.
Glou. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.
Queen. And thy ambition, Gloucester.
King. I prithee, peace, good queen,

And whet not on these furious peers;
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector, with my sword!

Glou. [*Aside to Car.*] Faith, holy uncle, would 'twere come to that!

Car. [*Aside to Glou.*] Marry, when thou darest.

Glou. [*Aside to Car.*] Make up no factious numbers for the matter;
In thine own person answer thy abuse.

Car. [*Aside to Glou.*] Ay, where thou darest not peep: an if thou darest,
This evening, on the east side of the grove.

King. How now, my lords!

Car. Believe me, cousin Gloucester,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport. [*Aside to Glou.*] Come with thy two-hand sword.

Glou. True, uncle.

Car. [*Aside to Glou.*] Are ye advised? the east side of the grove?

Glou. [*Aside to Car.*] Cardinal, I am with you.

King. Why, how now, uncle Gloucester!

Glou. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord. [*Aside to Car.*] Now, by God's mother, priest, I 'll shave your crown for this,
Or all my fence shall fail.

Car. [*Aside to Glou.*] Medice, teipsum—
Protector, see to 't well, protect yourself.

King. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.
How irksome is this music to my heart!

When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter a Townsman of Saint Alban's, crying 'A miracle!'

Glou. What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?
Towns. A miracle! a miracle!
Suf. Come to the king and tell him what miracle.
Towns. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,
Within this half-hour, hath received his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.
King. Now, God be praised, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor of Saint Alban's and his brethren, bearing Simpcox, between two in a chair, Simpcox's Wife following.

Car. Here comes the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.
King. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.
Glou. Stand by, my masters: bring him near the king;
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.
King. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind and now restored?
Simp. Born blind, an 't please your grace.
Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.
Suf. What woman is this?
Wife. His wife, an 't like your worship.
Glou. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better told.
King. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an 't like your grace.
King. Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great to thee:
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
Queen. Tell me, good fellow, camest thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?
Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times and oftener, in my sleep,
By good Saint Alban; who said, 'Simpcox, come,
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.'
Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.
Car. What, art thou lame?
Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!
Suf. How camest thou so?
Simp. A fall off of a tree.
Wife. A plum-tree, master.
Glou. How long hast thou been blind?
Simp. O, born so, master.
Glou. What, and wouldst climb a tree?
Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.
Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.
Glou. Mass, thou lovedst plums well, that wouldst venture so.
Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desired some damsons,
And made me climb, with danger of my life.
Glou. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.
Let me see thine eyes: wink now: now open them:
In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.
Simp. Yes, master, clear as day, I thank God and Saint Alban.
Glou. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, master; red as blood.

Glou. Why, that 's well said. What colour is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth: coal-black as jet.

King. Why, then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glou. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glou. Tell me, sirrah, what 's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glou. What 's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glou. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glou. What 's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

Glou. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours, but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible. My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would ye not think his cunning to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp. O master, that you could!

Glou. My masters of Saint Albans, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glou. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit an attendant.*

Glou. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone: You go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Beadle with whips.

Glou. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord. Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool and runs away; and they follow and cry, 'A miracle!'*

King. O God, seest Thou this, and bearest so long?

Queen. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glou. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glou. Let them be whipped through every market-town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came. [*Exeunt Wife, Beadle, Mayor, etc.*

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap and fly away.

Glou. But you have done more miracles than I; You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter Buckingham.

King. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout,
Have practised dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches and with conjurers:
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of King Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy-council;
As more at large your grace shall understand.

Car. [*Aside to Glou.*] And so, my lord protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

Glou. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart:
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

King. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

Queen. Gloucester, see here the tainture of thy nest,
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glou. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have loved my king and commonweal:
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:
Noble she is, but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue and conversed with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company,

And give her as a prey to law and shame,
That have dishonour'd Gloucester's honest name.
King. Well, for this night we will repose us here:
To-morrow toward London back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers,
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene II.

London. The Duke of York's garden.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

York. Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave
In this close walk to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.
Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.
War. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.
York. Then thus:
Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield, and the third,
Lionel Duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester;
William of Windsor was the seventh and last.

Edward the Black Prince died before his father,
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who after Edward the Third's death reign'd as king;
Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
Seized on the realm, deposed the rightful king,
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

War. Father, the duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force and not by right;
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

York. The third son, Duke of Clarence, from whose line
I claim the crown, had issue, Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March:
Edmund had issue, Roger Earl of March;
Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne and Eleanor.

Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.
But to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard Earl of Cambridge; who was son
To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
To Roger Earl of March, who was the son

Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence:
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;
And in this private plot be we the first
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
And that 's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and silent secrecy.
Do you as I do in these dangerous days:
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham and all the crew of them,
Till they have snared the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey:
'Tis that they seek, and they in seeking that
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sal. My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.

War. My heart assures me that the Earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself

Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England but the king.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A hall of justice.

Sound trumpets. Enter the King, the Queen, Gloucester, York, Suffolk, and Salisbury: the Duchess of Gloucester, Margery Jourdain, Southwell, Hume, and Bolingbroke, under guard.

King. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloucester's wife:
In sight of God and us, your guilt is great:
Receive the sentence of the law for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudged to death.
You four, from hence to prison back again;
From thence unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

Duch. Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.

Glou. Eleanor, the law, thou see'st, hath judged thee:
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.

[*Exeunt Duchess and other prisoners, guarded.*

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!

I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace and mine age would ease.

King. Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloucester: ere thou go,
Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide and lantern to my feet:
And go in peace, Humphrey, no less beloved
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Queen. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.
God and King Henry govern England's realm.
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glou. My staff? here, noble Henry, is my staff:
As willingly do I the same resign
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne! [*Exit.*

Queen. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
And Humphrey Duke of Gloucester scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once;
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off.
This staff of honour raught, there let it stand
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

York. Lords, let him go. Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Queen. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.
King. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit:
Here let them end it; and God defend the right!
York. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter at one door, Horner, the Armourer, and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters with a drum before him and his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; and at the other door Peter, his man, with a drum and sand-bag, and 'Prentices drinking to him.

First Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack: and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.
Sec. Neigh. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.
Third Neigh. And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.
Hor. Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!
First 'Pren. Here, Peter, I drink to thee: and be not afraid.
Sec. 'Pren. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the 'prentices.
Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for I think I have taken my last draught in this world. Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron: and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer: and here, Tom, take all the

money that I have. O Lord bless me! I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. Sirrah, what 's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave and myself an honest man: and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow!

York. Dispatch: this knave's tongue begins to double. Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants!

[*Alarum. They fight, and Peter strikes him down.*

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.

[*Dies.*

York. Take away his weapon. Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

King. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;
For by his death we do perceive his guilt:
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

[*Sound a flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A street.

Enter Gloucester and his Serving-men, in mourning cloaks.

Glou. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.
Sirs, what 's o'clock?
Serv. Ten, my lord.
Glou. Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:
Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people gazing on thy face,
With envious looks laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But, soft! I think she comes; and I 'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess of Gloucester in a white sheet, and a taper burning in her hand; with Sir John Stanley, the Sheriff, and Officers.

Serv. So please your grace, we 'll take her from the sheriff.
Glou. No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.
Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look how they gaze!
See how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
Ah, Gloucester, hide thee from their hateful looks,

And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine!

Glou. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloucester, teach me to forget myself!
For whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
And follow'd with a rabble that rejoice
To see my tears and hear my deep-fet groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
No; dark shall be my light and night my day;
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometime I 'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife,
And he a prince and ruler of the land:
Yet so he ruled, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild and blush not at my shame,
Nor stir at nothing till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will;
For Suffolk—he that can do all in all
With her that hateth thee and hates us all—
And York and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all limed bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they 'll tangle thee:

But fear not thou, until thy foot be snared,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glou. Ah, Nell, forbear! thou aimest all awry;
I must offend before I be attainted;
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyal, true and crimeless.
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wiped away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament,
Holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glou. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!
This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.
[*Exit Herald.*
My Nell, I take my leave: and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

Sher. An 't please your grace, here my commission stays,
And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

Glou. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?

Stan. So am I given in charge, may 't please your grace.

Glou. Entreat her not the worse in that I pray
You use her well: the world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindness if
You do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell!

Duch. What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell!

Glou. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exeunt Gloucester and Serving-men.*

Duch. Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee!
For none abides with me: my joy is death,—
Death, at whose name I oft have been afear'd,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.
Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;
There to be used according to your state.

Duch. That 's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I then be used reproachfully?

Stan. Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady;
According to that state you shall be used.

Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.

Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharged.
Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And show itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

The Abbey at Bury Saint Edmund's.

Sound a Sennet. Enter King, Queen, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, Salisbury and Warwick to the Parliament.

King. I muse my Lord of Gloucester is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.
Queen. Can you not see? or will ye not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself,
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?
We know the time since he was mild and affable,
And if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admired him for submission:
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin;
But great men tremble when the lion roars;
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First note that he is near you in descent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then it is no policy,
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,

That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts,
And when he please to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they 'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe and say I wrong'd the duke.
My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
Reprove my allegation, if you can;
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your grace's tale.
The duchess by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
Or, if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputing of his high descent,
As next the king he was successive heir,
And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my sovereign; Gloucester is a man
Unsounded yet and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?
York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.
Buck. Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.
King. My lords, at once: the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise: but, shall I speak my conscience,
Our kinsman Gloucester is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove:
The duke is virtuous, mild and too well given
To dream on evil or to work my downfall.
Queen. Ah, what 's more dangerous than this fond affiance!
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he 's disposed as the hateful raven:
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he 's inclined as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudful man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!
King. Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France?
Som. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.
King. Cold news, Lord Somerset: but God's will be done!

York. [*Aside*] Cold news for me: for I had hope of France
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away;
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

Suf. Nay, Gloucester, know that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glou. Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest:
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

Glou. Is it but thought so? what are they that think it?
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,
Ay, night by night, in studying good for England!
That doit that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial-day!
No; many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,

Have I dispursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Glou. I say no more than truth, so help me God!

York. In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders never heard of,
That England was defamed by tyranny.

Glou. Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I was protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleeced poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment:
Murder indeed, that bloody sin, I tortured
Above the felon or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd:
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

King. My Lord of Gloucester, 'tis my special hope
That you will clear yourself from all suspect:
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glou. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous:
Virtue is choked with foul ambition,
And charity chased hence by rancour's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exiled your highness' land.
I know their complot is to have my life:
And if my death might make this island happy,

And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness:
But mine is made the prologue to their play;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburthens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life:
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up
My liefest liege to be mine enemy:
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together—
Myself had notice of your conventicles—
And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well effected:
'A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.'

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable:
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife and traitors' rage
Be thus upbraided, chid and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
As if she had suborned some to swear

False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

Queen. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glou. Far truer spoke than meant: I lose, indeed;
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He 'll wrest the sense and hold us here all day:
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

Glou. Ah! thus King Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body.
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exit, guarded.*

King. My lords, what to your wisdom seemeth best,
Do or undo, as if ourself were here.

Queen. What, will your highness leave the Parliament?

King. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes,
My body round engirt with misery,
For what 's more miserable than discontent?
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth and loyalty:
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come
That e'er I proved thee false or fear'd thy faith.
What louring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords and Margaret our queen
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong nor no man wrong;
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,

Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house,
Even so remorseless have they borne him hence;
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss,
Even so myself bewails good Gloucester's case
With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him and cannot do him good,
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep, and 'twixt each groan
Say 'Who's a traitor? Gloucester he is none.'

[*Exeunt all but Queen, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk, and York. Somerset remains apart.*

Queen. Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity, and Gloucester's show
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers,
Or as the snake roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I—
And yet herein I judge mine own wit good—
This Gloucester should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life,
The commons haply rise, to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,

More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I!

York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.
But, my lord cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk,
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls:
Were 't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

Queen. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true; and were 't not madness, then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold:
Who being accused a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature proved an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
As Humphrey, proved by reasons, to my liege.
And do not stand on quillets how to slay him:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him first that first intends deceit.

Queen. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;
For things are often spoke and seldom meant:
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,

Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
Say you consent and censure well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner,
I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Queen. And so say I.

York. And I: and now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Post.

Post. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
To signify that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword:
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow uncurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach that craves a quick expedient stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither:
'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:
I rather would have lost my life betimes
Than bring a burthen of dishonour home,
By staying there so long till all were lost.
Show me one scar character'd on thy skin:
Men's flesh preserved so whole do seldom win.

Queen. Nay, then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:

No more, good York; sweet Somerset, be still:
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have proved far worse than his.
York. What, worse than nought? nay, then, a shame take all!
Som. And, in the number, thee that wishest shame!
Car. My Lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil kernes of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?
York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.
Suf. Why, our authority is his consent,
And what we do establish he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.
York. I am content: provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.
Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.
Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.
And so break off; the day is almost spent:
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.
York. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days
At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
For there I 'll ship them all for Ireland.
Suf. I 'll see it truly done, my Lord of York.
[*Exeunt all but York.*
York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hopest to be, or what thou art

Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying:
Let pale-faced fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought,
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain more busy than the labouring spider
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well, 'tis politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear me you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
I take it kindly; yet be well assured
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell;
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kernes,
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine;
And, in the end being rescued, I have seen

Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kerne,
Hath he conversed with the enemy,
And undiscover'd come to me again,
And given me notice of their villanies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say he be taken, rack'd and tortured,
I know no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say I moved him to those arms.
Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;
For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Bury St. Edmund's. A room of state.

Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

First Mur. Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let him know
We have dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

Sec. Mur. O that it were to do! What have we done?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter Suffolk.

First Mur. Here comes my lord.

Suf. Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?

First Mur. Ay, my good lord, he 's dead.
Suf. Why, that 's well said. Go, get you to my house;
I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The king and all the peers are here at hand.
Have you laid fair the bed? Is all things well,
According as I gave directions?
First Mur. 'Tis, my good lord.
Suf. Away! be gone. [*Exeunt Murderers.*

Sound trumpets. Enter the King, the Queen, Cardinal Beaufort, Somerset, with Attendants.

King. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight;
Say we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.
Suf. I 'll call him presently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*
King. Lords, take your places: and, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloucester
Than from true evidence of good esteem
He be approved in practice culpable.
Queen. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!
King. I thank thee, Nell; these words content me much.

Re-enter Suffolk.

How now! why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what 's the matter, Suffolk?
Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloucester is dead.
Queen. Marry, God forfend!
Car. God's secret judgement: I did dream to-night
The duke was dumb and could not speak a word.
[*The King swoons.*

Queen. How fares my lord? Help, lords! the king is dead.
Som. Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.
Queen. Run, go, help, help! O Henry, ope thine eyes!
Suf. He doth revive again: madam, be patient.
King. O heavenly God!
Queen. How fares my gracious lord?
Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!
King. What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words;
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:
Yet do not go away: come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;
For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
In life but double death, now Gloucester 's dead.
Queen. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he most Christian-like laments his death:
And for myself, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,

And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow friends:
It may be judged I made the duke away;
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
This get I by his death: ay me, unhappy!
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

King. Ah, woe is me for Gloucester, wretched man!

Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper; look on me.
What! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
Be poisonous too and kill thy forlorn queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester's tomb?
Why, then, dame Eleanor was ne'er thy joy.
Erect his statuë and worship it,
And make my image but an alehouse sign.
Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea,
And twice by awkward wind from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this, but well forewarning wind
Did seem to say 'Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore'?
What did I then, but cursed the gentle gusts,
And he that loosed them forth their brazen caves;
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee:
The pretty-vaulting sea refused to drown me,
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore,

With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness:
The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish Eleanor.
As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm,
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck—
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds—
And threw it towards thy land: the sea received it,
And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:
And even with this I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue,
The agent of thy foul inconstancy,
To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts commenced in burning Troy!
Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?
Ay me, I can no more! die, Eleanor!
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter Warwick, Salisbury, and many Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd
By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.

The commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

King. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;
But how he died God knows, not Henry:
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That shall I do, my liege. Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude till I return. [*Exit.*

King. O Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts,
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
For judgement only doth belong to Thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are these mean obsequies:
And to survey his dead and earthly image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

Re-enter Warwick and others, bearing Gloucester's body on a bed.

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

King. That is to see how deep my grave is made;
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
For seeing him I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live

With that dread King, that took our state upon him
To free us from his father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?

War. See how the blood is settled in his face.
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale and bloodless
Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black and full of blood,
His eye-balls further out than when he lived,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life and was by strength subdued:
Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged.
It cannot be but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
Myself and Beaufort had him in protection;
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's foes,
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend;
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

Queen. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Queen. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? Where 's your knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? Where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;
But here 's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge.
Say, if thou darest, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, Somerset, and others.*

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Queen. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say;
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy;
And after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!

Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou darest go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
Unworthy though thou art, I 'll cope with thee
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.
[*Exeunt Suffolk and Warwick.*

King. What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
[*A noise within.*

Queen. What noise is this?

Re-enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their weapons drawn.

King. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The traitorous Warwick with the men of Bury
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Sal. [*To the Commons, entering*] Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless Lord Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous lingering death.
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
And mere instinct of love and loyalty,
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge that no man should disturb your rest
In pain of your dislike or pain of death,
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That slily glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary you were waked,
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal;
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, whether you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is,
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons [*within*]. An answer from the king, my Lord of Salisbury!

Suf. 'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,

Could send such message to their sovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won
Is, that he was the lord ambassador
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons [*within*]. An answer from the king, or we will all break in!

King. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means:
And therefore, by His majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit Salisbury.*

Queen. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

King. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk!
No more, I say: if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word,
But when I swear, it is irrevocable.
If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt all but Queen and Suffolk.*

Queen. Mischance and sorrow go along with you!

Heart's discontent and sour affliction
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There 's two of you; the devil make a third!
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Queen. Fie, coward woman and soft-hearted wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-faced Envy in her loathsome cave:
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
Mine hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burthen'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Queen. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Queen. O, let me entreat thee cease. Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woful monuments.
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breathed for thee!
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but surmised whiles thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assured,
Adventure to be banished myself:
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go; speak not to me; even now be gone.
O, go not yet! Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace and kiss and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished;
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world,

And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more: live thou to joy thy life;
Myself no joy in nought but that thou livest.

Enter Vaux.

Queen. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I prithee?
Vaux. To signify unto his majesty
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp and stare and catch the air,
Blaspheming God and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometime he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow as to him
The secrets of his overcharged soul:
And I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.
Queen. Go tell this heavy message to the king.
[*Exit Vaux.*
Ay me! what is this world! what news are these!
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears,
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?
Now get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is coming;
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.
Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,

As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips:
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it lived in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee were but to die in jest;
From thee to die were torture more than death:
O, let me stay, befall what may befall!

Queen. Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I 'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Queen. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the wofull'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.

Queen. This way for me.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Scene III.

A bedchamber.

Enter the King, Salisbury, Warwick, to the Cardinal in bed.

King. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st death, I 'll give thee England's treasure
Enough to purchase such another island,

So thou wilt let me live, and féel no pain.

King. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible.

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whether they will or no?
O, torture me no more! I will confess.
Alive again? then show me where he is:
I 'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

King. O thou eternal mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair!

War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin!

Sal. Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.

King. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.
He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

King. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.
Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

The coast of Kent.

Alarum. Fight at sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, Walter Whitmore, and others; with them Suffolk, and others, prisoners.

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who, with their drowsy, slow and flagging wings,
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discoloured shore.
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;
The other, Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

First Gent. What is my ransom, master? let me know.

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Cap. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?
Cut both the villains' throats; for die you shall:
The lives of those which we have lost in fight
Be counterpoised with such a petty sum!

First Gent. I 'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

Sec. Gent. And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to revenge it, shalt thou die;
[*To Suf.*
And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.

Suf. Look on my George; I am a gentleman:
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now! why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by water I should die:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
Thy name is Gualtier, being rightly sounded.

Whit. Gualtier or Walter, which it is, I care not:
Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wiped away the blot;
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defaced,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

Suf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

Whit. The Duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke:
Jove sometime went disguised, and why not I?

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,

And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?
Remember it and let it make thee crest-fall'n,
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride;
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Cap. Convey him hence and on our long-boat's side
Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou darest not, for thy own.

Cap. Yes, Pole.

Suf. Pole!

Cap. Pool! Sir Pool! lord!
Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
Thy lips that kiss'd the queen shall sweep the ground;
And thou that smiledst at good Duke Humphrey's death
Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again:
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.

By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorged
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France,
The false revolting Normans thorough thee
Disdain to call us lord, and Picardy
Hath slain their governors, surprised our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
As hating thee, are rising up in arms:
And now the house of York, thrust from the crown
By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-faced sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ 'Invitis nubibus.'
The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
And, to conclude, reproach and beggary
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee. Away! convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.
Drones suck not eagles' blood but rob bee-hives:
It is impossible that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage and not remorse in me:
I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee waft me safely cross the Channel.

Cap. Walter,—

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suf. Gelidus timor occupat artus: it is thee I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.
What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

First Gent. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Used to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it we should honour such as these
With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any
Save to the God of heaven and to my king;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear:
More can I bear than you dare execute.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot!
Great men oft die by vile bezonians:
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders
Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.
[*Exeunt Whitmore and others with Suffolk.*

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:
Therefore come you with us and let him go.
[*Exeunt all but the First Gentleman.*

Re-enter Whitmore with Suffolk's body.

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,

Until the queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit.*

First Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.
[*Exit with the body.*

Scene II.

Blackheath.

Enter George Bevis and John Holland.

Bevis. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath: they have been up these two days.

Holl. They have the more need to sleep now, then.

Bevis. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

Holl. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up.

Bevis. O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.

Holl. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Bevis. Nay, more, the king's council are no good workmen.

Holl. True; and yet it is said, labour in thy vocation; which is as much to say as, let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Bevis. Thou hast hit it; for there 's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

Holl. I see them! I see them! There 's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham,—

Bevis. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make dog's-leather of.

Holl. And Dick the butcher,—

Bevis. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

Holl. And Smith the Weaver,—

Bevis. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

Holl. Come, come, let 's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter Cade, Dick Butcher, Smith the Weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.

Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,—

Dick. [*Aside*] Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes,—Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. [*Aside*] He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,—

Dick. [*Aside*] I knew her well; she was a midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick. [*Aside*] She was, indeed, a pedler's daughter, and sold many laces.

Smith. [*Aside*] But now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. [*Aside*] Ay, by my faith, the field is honour-

able; and there was he born, under a hedge, for his father had never a house but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. [*Aside*] A' must needs; for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. [*Aside*] No question of that; for I have seen him whipped three market-days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. [*Aside*] He need not fear the sword; for his coat is of proof.

Dick. [*Aside*] But methinks he should stand in fear of fire; being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Be brave, then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common; and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass: and when I am king, as king I will be,—

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people: there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let 's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some

say the bee stings: but I say, 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now! who 's there?

Enter some, bringing forward the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here 's a villain!

Smith. Has a book in his pocket with red letters in 't.

Cade. Nay, then, he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write courthand.

Cade. I am sorry for 't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters: 'twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone. Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed: away with him! he 's a villain and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck.

[*Exit one with the Clerk.*

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where 's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I 'll fell thee down. He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is a'?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [*Kneels*] Rise up, Sir John Mortimer. [*Rises*] Now have at him!

Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford and his Brother, with drum and soldiers.

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down;
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom:
The king is merciful, if you revolt.

Bro. But angry, wrathful, and inclined to blood,
If you go forward; therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not:
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
Over whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plasterer;
And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

Bro. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this: Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter, did he not?

Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Bro. That 's false.

Cade. Ay, there 's the question; but I say, 'tis true:
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stolen away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age:
His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

Bro. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. [*Aside*] He lies, for I invented it myself. Go to, sirrah, tell the king from me, that, for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I 'll be protector over him.

Dick. And furthermore, we 'll have the Lord Say's head for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason: for thereby is England mained, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that Lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch: and more than that, he can speak French; and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O, gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: the Frenchmen are our enemies; go to, then, I ask but this: can

he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we 'll have his head.

Bro. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail, Assail them with the army of the king.

Staf. Herald, away; and throughout every town Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade; That those which fly before the battle ends May, even in their wives' and children's sight, Be hang'd up for example at their doors: And you that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two Staffords, and soldiers.*

Cade. And you that love the commons, follow me. Now show yourselves men; 'tis for liberty. We will not leave one lord, one gentleman: Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon; For they are thrifty honest men, and such As would, but that they dare not, take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order when we are most out of order. Come, march forward. [*Exeunt*

Scene III.

Another part of Blackheath.

Alarums to the fight, wherein both the Staffords are slain Enter Cade and the rest.

Cade. Where 's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will

I reward thee, the Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear [*putting on Sir Humphrey's brigandine*]; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse heels till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let 's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

London. The palace.

Enter the King with a supplication, and the Queen with Suffolk's head, the Duke of Buckingham and the Lord Say.

Queen. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge and cease to weep,
But who can cease to weep and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
But where 's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

King. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;
For God forbid so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,

Will parley with Jack Cade their general:
But stay, I 'll read it over once again.

Queen. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Ruled, like a wandering planet, over me,
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

King. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his.

King. How now, madam!
Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Queen. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

King. How now! what news? why comest thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house,
And calls your grace usurper openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars and intend their death.

King. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,
Until a power be raised to put them down.

Queen. Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeased!
King. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee;
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.
Say. So might your grace's person be in danger.
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten London bridge:
The citizens fly and forsake their houses:
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor, and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal court.
Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.
King. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.
Queen. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceased.
King. Farewell, my lord: trust not the Kentish rebels.
Buck. Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.
Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

London. The Tower.

Enter Lord Scales upon the Tower, walking. Then enter two or three Citizens below.

Scales. How now! is Jack Cade slain?
First Cit. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: the lord mayor craves aid of

your honour from the Tower to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare you shall command;
But I am troubled here with them myself;
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Goffe;
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And so, farewell, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

London. Cannon Street.

Enter Jack Cade and the rest, and strikes his staff on London-stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he 'll never call ye Jack Cade more: I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there 's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then, let 's go fight with them: but first, go and set London bridge on fire; and, if

you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let 's away. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

London. Smithfield.

Alarums. Matthew Goffe is slain, and all the rest. Then enter Jack Cade, with his company.

Cade. So, sirs: now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

Holl. [*Aside*] Mass, 'twill be sore law, then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. [*Aside*] Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

Holl. [*Aside*] Then we are like to have biting statutes unless his teeth be pulled out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here 's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter George Bevis, with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Mounsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this; 'tis 'bona terra, mala gens.'

Cade. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.
Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy,
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have moved me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands,
But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king,
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me:
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof,—

Cade. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
Those that I never saw and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then and the help of hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, I 'll be even with you: I 'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth or honour? speak.
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injured, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!

Cade. [*Aside*] I feel remorse in myself with his words: but I 'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,

God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him! and do as I command ye.
[*Exeunt some with Lord Say.*
The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it: men shall hold of me in capite; and we charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O, brave!

Re-enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this braver? Let them kiss one another, for they loved well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and at every corner have them kiss. Away! [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.

Southwark.

Alarum and retreat. Enter Cade and all his rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus' Corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!

[*Sound a parley.*] What noise is this I hear?
Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley,
when I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham and Clifford, attended.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee:
Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
And yield to mercy whilst 'tis offer'd you;
Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say 'God save his majesty!'
Who hateth him and honours not his father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade. What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave? And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out these arms till you had recovered your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burthens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives

and daughters before your faces: for me, I will make shift for one; and so, God's curse light upon you all!

All. We 'll follow Cade, we 'll follow Cade!

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim you 'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.
Were 't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas and vanquish you?
Methinks already in this civil broil
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying 'Villiago!' unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you have lost;
Spare England, for it is your native coast:
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we 'll follow the king and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude? The name of Henry the Fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise me. My sword make way for me, for here is no staying. In despite of the devils and hell, have through the

very middest of you! and heavens and honour
be witness that no want of resolution in me,
but only my followers' base and ignominious
treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. [*E*
Buck. What, is he fled? Go some, and follow him;
And he that brings his head unto the king
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.
[*Exeunt some of them.*
Follow me, soldiers: we 'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX.

Kenilworth Castle.

Sound trumpets. Enter King, Queen, and Somerset, on the terrace.

King. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle
But I was made a king, at nine months old.
Was never subject long'd to be a king
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buck. Health and glad tidings to your majesty!
King. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surprised?
Or is he but retired to make him strong?

Enter, below, multitudes, with halters about their necks.

Clif. He is fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life or death.

King. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And show'd how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be infortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace to be advertised
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of gallowglasses and stout kernes
Is marching hitherward in proud array,
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

King. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd;
Like to a ship that, having 'scaped a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a pirate:
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispersed;
And now is York in arms to second him.
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,
And ask him what 's the reason of these arms.
Tell him I 'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

Som. My lord,
I 'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

King. In any case, be not too rough in terms;
For he is fierce and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal
As all things shall redound unto your good.

King. Come, wife, let 's in, and learn to govern better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene X.

Kent. Iden's garden.

Enter Cade.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me; but now am I so hungry that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick wall have I climbed into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And I think this word 'sallet' was born to do me good: for many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time, when I have been dry and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart pot to drink in; and now the word 'sallet' must serve me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance my father left me
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning,
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy:
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here 's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him: but I 'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not: why then should I betray thee?
Is 't not enough to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee! ay, by the best blood that ever was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.

Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks:
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,
Thy leg a stick compared with this truncheon;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard! Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God on my knees thou mayst be turned to hob-nails. [*Here they fight. Cade falls.* O, I am slain! famine and no other hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I 'ld defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is 't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead:
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got

Cade. Iden, farewell, and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I,

that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge.
Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee;
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.
[*Exit.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.

Enter York, and his army of Irish, with drum and colours.

York. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah! sancta majestas, who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle nought but gold.
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword or sceptre balance it:
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,
On which I 'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why thou, being a subject as I am,
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Should raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York. [*Aside*] Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great:
O, I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.
I am far better born than is the king,
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:
But I must make fair weather yet a while,
Till Henry be more weak and I more strong.—
Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither
Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part:
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand:
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?
Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.
York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
You shall have pay and every thing you wish.
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love;
I 'll send them all as willing as I live:
Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have,
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.
Buck. York, I commend this kind submission:
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter King and Attendants.

King. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?
York. In all submission and humility
York doth present himself unto your highness.
King. Then what intends these forces thou dost bring?
York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence,
And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden, with Cade's head.

Iden. If one so rude and of so mean condition
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.
King. The head of Cade! Great God, how just art Thou!
O, let me view his visage, being dead,

That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an 't like your majesty.

King. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that 's my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss
He were created knight for his good service.

King. Iden, kneel down. [*He kneels.*] Rise up a knight.
We give thee for reward a thousand marks,
And will that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege! [*Rises.*

Enter Queen and Somerset.

King. See, Buckingham, Somerset comes with the queen:
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Queen. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand and front him to his face.

York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?
False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king,
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which darest not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine,

Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place: by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

Som. O monstrous traitor! I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

York. Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail:
[*Exit Attendant.*
I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They 'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Queen. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
To say if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.
[*Exit Buckingham.*

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys!

Enter Edward and Richard.

See where they come: I 'll warrant they 'll make it good.

Enter Clifford and his son.

Queen. And here comes Clifford to deny their bail.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the king!
[*Kneels.*

York. I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.
Clif. This is my king, York, I do not mistake;
But thou mistakest me much to think I do:
To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?
King. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his king.
Clif. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.
Queen. He is arrested, but will not obey;
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.
York. Will you not, sons?
Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.
Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.
Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!
York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so:
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That with the very shaking of their chains
They may astonish these fell-lurking curs:
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Enter the Earls of Warwick and Salisbury.

Clif. Are these thy bears? we 'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou darest bring them to the baiting-place.
Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and cried:

And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

King. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow? 161
Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood? 170
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned duke;
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

King. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have. 180

King. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,

To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
And have no other reason for this wrong
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Queen. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolved for death or dignity.

Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

War. You were best to go to bed and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Clif. I am resolved to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I 'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I 'll wear aloft my burgonet,
As on a mountain top the cedar shows
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet I 'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.

Rich. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic, that 's more than thou canst tell.

Rich. If not in heaven, you 'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Scene II.

Saint Alban's.

Alarums to the battle. Enter Warwick.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls:
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarum,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me:
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.

How now, my noble lord! what, all a-foot?
York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed,
But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he loved so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.
York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.
War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [*Exit.*
Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?
York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.
Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem
But that 'tis shown ignobly and in treason.
York. So let it help me now against thy sword,

As I in justice and true right express it.

Clif. My soul and body on the action both!

York. A dreadful lay! Address thee instantly.

[*They fight, and Clifford falls.*

Clif. La fin couronne les œuvres. [*Dies.*

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! [*Exit.*

Enter Young Clifford.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance! Let no soldier fly.
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love, nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially but by circumstance
The name of valour. [*Seeing his dead father*] O, let the vile world end,
And the premised flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease! Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age,
And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight
My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes: tears virginal

Shall be to me even as the dew to fire,
And beauty that the tyrant oft reclaims
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:
As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.
[*Exit, bearing off his father.*

Enter Richard and Somerset to fight. Somerset is killed.

Rich. So, lie thou there;
For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [*Exit.*

Fight. Excursions. Enter King, Queen, and others.

Queen. Away, my lord! you are slow; for shame, away!
King. Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.
Queen. What are you made of? you 'll nor fight nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wisdom and defence,
To give the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[*Alarum afar off.*
If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom

Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape,
As well we may, if not through your neglect,
We shall to London get, where you are loved,
And where this breach now in our fortunes made
May readily be stopp'd.

Re-enter Young Clifford.

Y. Clif. But that my heart 's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly:
But fly you must; uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To see their day and them our fortune give:
Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Fields near Saint Alban's.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter York, Richard, Warwick, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him,
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time,
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion? This happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,
Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met him:

And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
By the mass, so did we all. I thank you, Richard:
God knows how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleased him that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.
York. I know our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.
Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth.
What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?
War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my faith, lords, 'twas a glorious day:
Saint Alban's battle won by famous York
Shall be eternized in all age to come.
Sound drums and trumpets, and to London all:
And more such days as these to us befall! [*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

A', he; I. iii. 6.

Abortive, monstrous, unnatural; IV. i. 60.

Abrook, brook, endure; II. iv. 10.

Absyrtus, Medea's brother, killed and dismembered by her (Theobald's correction of Folios, "*Absirtis*"; Rowe, "*Absirtus*"); V. ii. 59.

Accompt, accounts; IV. ii. 87.

Accuse, accusation; III. i. 160.

Achilles' spear, alluding to the story that Telephus was cured by the rust scraped from Achilles' spear by which he had been wounded; V. i. 100.

Act, put in action (Capell, "*enact*"; Vaughan, "*coact*"); V. i. 103.

Adder, a venomous snake, supposed to stop its ears and render itself deaf (*cp.* Psalm lviii. 4, 5); III. ii. 76.

Address thee, prepare thyself; V. ii. 27

Adsum, I am here (Folio 1, "*Ad sum*"); I. iv. 25.

Advance, raise up; IV. i. 98.

Adventure, run the risk; III. ii. 350.

Advertised, informed; IV. ix. 23.

Advice, deliberate consideration; II. ii. 68.

Advised, careful, II. iv. 36; sedate, V. ii. 47.

——; "are ye a.," did you hear? do you understand? (Capell, "*avis'd*"); II. i. 48.

Æolus, the god of the winds; III. ii. 92.

Affected, aimed at; IV. vii. 100.

Affiance, confidence; III. i. 74.

Affy, affiance; IV. i. 80.

Aidance, assistance; III. ii. 165.

Ajax Telamonius, Ajax the son of Telamon, the Greek hero, who slew a whole flock of sheep, which in his frenzy he took for the sons of Atreus; V. i. 26.

Alder-liefest, dearest, very dearest of all; I. i. 28.

Althæa, the mother of Meleager, the prince of Calydon, whose life was to last only as long as a certain firebrand was preserved; Althæa threw it into the fire, and he died in great torture; I. i. 234.

Amain, in great haste, swiftly; III. i. 282.

Anchises, the father of Æneas; V. ii. 62.

An't like, if it please; V. i. 72.

Approved, proved; III. ii. 22.

Argo, a corruption of *ergo;* IV. ii. 30.

Argues, proves, shows; III. iii. 30.

Argument, a sign in proof; I. ii. 32; III. i. 241.

Arms, coat of arms; IV. i. 42.

As, that (Pope, "*That*"); II. iv. 45.

Ascanius, the son of Æneas; III. ii. 116.

Asmath, the name of an evil spirit; I. iv. 26.

Assay'd, attempted; IV. v. 9.

At once, in a word; III. i. 66.

Attainted, convicted of capital treason; II. iv. 59.

Avoid, avaunt, be gone; I. iv. 42.

Awful, awe-inspiring; V. i. 98.

Awkward, adverse (Pope, "*adverse*"); III. ii. 83.

Bait thy bears; bear-baiting was a popular amusement of Shakespeare's day (Folio 1, "*bate*"; Folio 2, "*baite*"); V. i. 148.

Banditto, outlaw (Folios, "*Bandetto*"); IV. i. 135.

Ban-dogs, fierce dogs held in bands, or chained; I. iv. 20.

Bane, destruction, ruin (Theobald, "*bale*"); V. i. 120.

'*Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate*'; *The Contention* reads "*Abradas, the great Macedonian pirate,*" to whom reference is made in Greene's *Penelope's Web*; Bargulus is mentioned in Cicero's *De Officiis*; his proper name was Bardylis; he was originally a collier, and ultimately became king of Illyria; he was defeated and slain in battle by Philip of Macedon; IV. i. 108.

Basilisk, a fabulous serpent supposed to kill by its look; III. ii. 52.

Basimecu, a term of contempt for a Frenchman; IV. vii. 28.

Beard, defy; IV. x. 40.

Bears; alluding to the cognisance of the Nevils of Warwick, a bear and ragged staff; V. i. 144, 203. (The annexed engraving represents the silver badge still worn by the brethren of the old hospital at Warwick.)

'*The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff.*'

Bear-ward, bear-leader (Pope's correction of Folios 1, 2, "*Berard,*" Folios 3, 4, "*Bearard*"); V. i. 149.

Beat on, hammer on, keep on thinking about; II. i. 20.

Bedlam, a hospital for lunatics; V. i. 131.

Bedlam, lunatic, III. i. 51; V. i. 132.

Beldam, term of contempt for an old woman; I. iv. 44.

Beshrew, woe to; a mild form of imprecation; III. i. 184.

Bested; "worse b.," in a worse plight; II. iii. 56.

Bestrid, bestrode, stood over him in posture of defence; V. iii. 9.

Betime, in good time; III. i. 285.

Bezonians, beggars; IV. i. 134.

Bills; "take up bills," get goods on credit; with a quibble on (1) "bills"= halberds, (2) "bills"= promissory notes; IV. vii. 130.

Blabbing, blurting out secrets; IV. i. 1.

Blood-consuming sighs, referring to the old idea that each sigh drew a drop of blood from the heart; III. ii. 61.

Bona terra, mala gens, i.e. "a good land, a bad people" (quoted by Lord Say, with reference to Kent); IV. vii. 58.

Bones; "by these ten b.," *i.e.* by these ten fingers; an old form of oath; I. iii. 191.

Book, learning (Anon. conj. "*books*"); IV. vii. 74.

Boot, booty; IV. i. 13.

Brave, defy; IV. x. 38.

Brazen, strong, impregnable; III. ii. 89.

Break up, break open (Collier MS., "*break ope*"); I. iv. 21.

Bristol (Folios, "*Bristow*"); III. i. 328.

Broker, agent, negotiator; I. ii. 100.

Brook; "flying at the b.," letting the falcon rise to pursue his game; II. i. 1.

Brook, endure, bear; V. i. 92.

Brow, aspect, appearance (Johnson, "*blow*"; Becket, "*browse*"; Collier (Collier MS.), "*bloom*"; Anon., "*glow*"; Cartwright, "*prime*"); V. iii. 4.

Brown bill, a kind of halberd; IV. x. 14.

Brush, hurt, injury (Warburton, "*bruise*"); V. iii. 3.

Bucklers, shields, defends; III. ii. 216.

Buckram, coarse linen stiffened with glue; IV. vii. 24.

Bucks, linen for washing; IV. ii. 48.

Burgonet, a close-fitting helmet; V. i. 200.

From a specimen in the Londesborough collection.

But that, only that one; II. i. 99.

Buzz, whisper; I. ii. 99.

By, according to; III. i. 243.

By and by, immediately; II. i. 139.
By that, about that, on that subject; II. i. 16.

Cade, small barrel; IV. ii. 34.
Cage, lock-up; IV. ii. 52.
Callet, a low woman (Dyce's emendation of Folios, "*Callot*"); I. iii. 84.
Calm'd, becalmed; IV. ix. 33.
Cask, casket (Rowe, "*casket*"); III. ii. 409.
Cease, to cause to cease; V. ii. 45.
Censure, opinion; I. iii. 118.
Censure well, approve; III. i. 275.
Chafe, heat, warm; III. ii. 141.
Chaps, jaws, mouth; III. i. 259.
Charm, appease, make silent; IV. i. 64.
Charneco, a kind of sweet wine made at a village near Lisbon; II. iii. 63.
Check'd, reproved, rebuked; I. ii. 54.
Circuit, circlet, diadem; III. i. 352.
Circumstance, detailed phrases; I. i. 105.
Cited, invited, urged; III. ii. 281.
Clapp'd up, shut up; I. iv. 52.
Clerkly, scholarly; III. i. 179.
Clime, country; III. ii. 84.
Clip, embrace, surround (Theobald's correction of Folios, "*Cleape*"; Pope, "*Clap*"); IV. i. 6.
Close, retired, private; II. ii. 3; secret, II. iv. 73.
Clouted shoon, patched shoes; generally used for hobnailed boots; IV. ii. 186.
Collect, gather by observation; III. i. 35.
Colour, pretext; III. i. 236.
Commandments; "my ten c.," my ten fingers; a cant phrase of the time, still in use; I. iii. 143.
Commodities, goods, merchandise; IV. vii. 130.
Companion, fellow; used contemptuously; IV. x. 33.
Complot, plot; III. i. 147.
Concert (Folios, "*Consort*"), a company of musicians; III. ii. 327.
Condition, rank; V. i. 64.
Conduct, conductor, escort; II. iv. 101.
Conduit; IV. vi. 3. *Cp.* illustration.

From La Serre's view of Cheapside, 1639.

Conjurations, incantations; I. ii. 99.
Controller, censurer, detractor, perhaps "dictator"; III. ii. 205.
Convenient, proper, becoming; I. iv. 8.
Conventicles, secret assemblies; III. i. 166.
Corrosive, a pain-giving medicament; III. ii. 403.
Court-hand, the manner of writing used in judicial proceedings; IV. ii. 93.
Courtship, courtliness; I. iii. 55.
Crab-tree, tree that bears crab-apples; III. ii. 214.
Cullions, base wretches; I. iii. 41.
Curst, shrewish, sharp; III. ii. 312.
Custom'd, customary; V. i. 188.

Day, time, space; II. i. 2.
Dead as a door-nail; a proverbial expression; "the door-nail is the nail on which, in ancient doors, the knocker strikes. It is therefore used as a comparison to any one irrecoverably dead, one who has fallen (as Virgil says) *multa morte,* that is, with abundant death, such as iteration of strokes on the head would naturally produce"; IV. x. 43.
Deathful, deadly; III. ii. 404.
Deathsman, executioner; III. ii. 217.
Dedicate, dedicated; V. ii. 37.
Deep-fet, deep-fetched; II. iv. 33.
Demanding of, questioning about; II. i. 172.
Demean, deport, behave; I. i. 188.
Demean'd, conducted; I. iii. 104.
Denay'd, denied (Folio 4, "*deny'd*"); I. iii. 105.
Depart, departure; I. i. 2.
Discharge, (?) payment (perhaps "giving up the troops and turning them over to my command"); I. iii. 170.
Discomfit, discouragement (Folios, "*discomfite*"; Capell, "*discomfort*"); V. ii. 86.
Dispense with, obtain dispensation from; V. i. 181.
Dispursed, disbursed (Folio 4, "*disbursed*"); III. i. 117.
Distract, distracted; III. ii. 318.
Doit, the smallest piece of money; the twelfth part of a penny; III. i. 112.
Drain, drop (Rann, Capell, "*rain*"); III. ii. 142.

Earnest-gaping, earnestly riveted (Anon conj. "*earnest-gazing*"); III. ii. 105.
Effected, effectively proved; III. i. 170.
Emblaze, emblazon, glorify before the world; IV. x. 76.
Emmanuel; an allusion to the fact that documents were frequently headed with the name (*cp.* Kelly's "Notices of Leicester," pp. 119, 207, 227); IV. ii. 98.
Empty, hungry, famished; III. i. 248.

Entreat, treat; II. iv. 81.
Envious, spiteful; II. iv. 12; II. iv. 35; "e. load," load of malice; III. i. 157.
Exorcisms, charms for raising spirits; I. iv. 5.
Expedient, expeditious; III. i. 288.

Fact, deed; I. iii. 174.
Fain of, glad to, fond of; II. i. 8.
False-heart, false-hearted; V. i. 143.
Familiar, familiar spirit; IV. vii. 110.
Favour, lenity; IV. vii. 69.
Fearful, full of fear, III. i. 331; timorous, IV. iv. 2; cowardly, IV. viii. 44.
Fee-simple, lands held in fee-simple; IV. x. 27.
Fell-lurking, lurking to do mischief; V. i. 146.
Felon (?) felony; III. i. 132.
Fence, skill in fencing; II. i. 53.
Fifteens, fifteenths; IV. vii. 21.
Fifteenth, the fifteenth part of all the personal property of a subject; I. i. 133.
Flaw, sudden burst of wind, gust; III. i. 354.
Flower-de-luce, the emblem of France (Folios 1, 2, "*Fleure-de-Luce*"; Folios 3, 4, "*Floure-de Luce*"); V. i. 11.
Fond, foolish; III. i. 36.
Foot-cloth, a kind of housing for a horse, so long that it nearly swept the ground; IV. i. 54.

From a XVth century illumination in the National Library, Paris.

For, because; II. iii. 9; on account of (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*with*"); IV. vii. 86.
Force perforce, by very force; I. i. 258.
Forsooth, certainly, in truth; used contemptuously; III. ii. 183.
Forth, forth from (Folios 3, 4, "*from*"); III. ii. 89.
Forthcoming, in custody; II. i. 176.
Fretful, gnawing; III. ii. 403.
From, away from; III. ii. 401.
Furniture, equipment; I. iii. 170.
Furred pack, a kind of knapsack or wallet made of skin with the hair outwards; IV. ii. 48.

Gait, walking (Folios "*gate*"); III. i. 373.
Gallowglasses, heavy - armed foot soldiers of Ireland and the Western Isles; IV. iv. 26.

Gather head, assemble forces; IV. v. 10.

Gear, affair, business (Folios, "*geer*"), I. iv. 16; matter, III. i. 91.

George, badge of the Order of the Garter; IV. i. 29.

Ghost, corpse; III. ii. 161.

Gird, invest (Folios and Quartos "*girt*"); I. i. 65.

Gnarling, snarling; III. i. 192.

Go; "let him g.," *i.e.* let him pass from your thoughts; II. iii. 47.

Go about, attempt; II. i. 143.

Gobbets, mouthfuls; IV. i. 85.

Gone out; "had not gone out," *i.e.* "would not have taken flight at the game"; II. i. 4.

Got, secured; V. iii. 20.

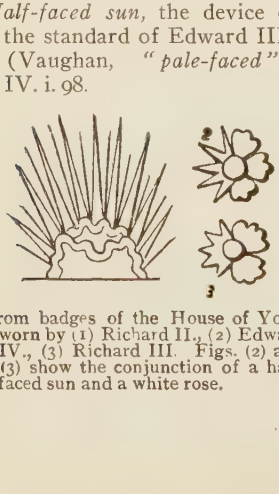
Graceless, impious; IV. iv. 38.

Graft, grafted; III. ii. 214.

Groat, a small piece of money worth four pence; III. i. 113.

Hale, drag forcibly; IV. i. 131.

Half-faced sun, the device on the standard of Edward III.; (Vaughan, "*pale-faced*"); IV. i. 98.



From badges of the House of York, worn by (1) Richard II., (2) Edward IV., (3) Richard III. Figs. (2) and (3) show the conjunction of a half-faced sun and a white rose.

Hammering, pondering; I. ii. 47.

Hamper, fetter, entangle; I. iii. 148.

Hap, fortune; III. i. 314.

Haply, perchance, perhaps; III. i. 240.

Happily, haply, perhaps (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*haply*"); III. i. 306.

Hardly, with difficulty; with play upon *hardly,* scarcely, l. 74 (Theobald, "*hardily*"); I. iv. 73.

Have, possess; V. iii. 20.

Have at him, I shall hit at him; IV. ii. 120.

Heavy, sad, sorrowful; III. ii. 306.

Hempen caudle, a slang phrase for hanging ("caudle," a comforting drink); IV. vii. 91.

Henry, trisyllabic; III. ii. 131.

Here, at this point, IV. iv. 76 (Heath, "*hence*"; Hudson, Walker, "*there*"); II. iv. 79.

Hinds, boors, peasants; III. ii. 271; IV. ii. 121.

Hoise, hoist, heave away (Folios, "*hoyse*"; Quartos, "*heaue*"; Theobald, "*hoist*"); I. i. 169.

Horse, horse's (Folios 3, 4, "*horses*"; Rowe reads "*horse's*"; Capell, "*horse'*"); IV. iii. 14.

Hose and doublets; "in their h. and d.," *i.e.* without a cloak; IV. vii. 53.

Household, family (Malone's correction (from Quartos) of Folio 1, "*housed*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*houses*"); V. i. 201.

Housekeeping, keeping open house, hospitality; I. i. 191.

Ill-nurtured, ill-bred (Folio 4, "*ill-natur'd*"); I. ii. 42.

Images (?) dissyllabic (Walker, "*image'*"); I. iii. 61.

Imprimis, firstly, in the first place; I. i. 43.

Impugns, opposes; III. i. 281.

In, into; III. ii. 287.

In capite, a law term, signifying a tenure of the sovereign immediately as feudal lord; used quibblingly; IV. vii. 126.

Inch; "at an i.," in the nick of time; I. iv. 44.

Indigested, formless, shapeless; V. i. 157.

Infortunate, unfortunate (Folios 3, 4, "*unfortunate*"); IV. ix. 18.

Injurious, insolent; I. iv. 50.

Instance, proof; III. ii. 159.

Invitis nubibus, in spite of the clouds (*vide* "*half-faced sun*"); IV. i. 99.

Iris, goddess of the rainbow and messenger of Juno; here, messenger; III. ii. 407.

Item, originally = likewise, used in enumerating; I. i. 50.

Jaded, no better than a jade (Capell, from Quartos, "*jady*"); IV. i. 52.

Jades, term of contempt or pity for a maltreated or worthless horse; applied to the dragons of Night's chariot; IV. i. 3.

Jar, discord; IV. viii. 43.

Joy, enjoy; III. ii. 365.

Ken, descry, discern; III. ii. 101.

Kennel, gutter; IV. i. 71.

Kernes, Irish soldiers; III. i. 310.

Killingworth, an old form of Kenilworth; IV. iv. 39.

Laid, beset, laid with traps; IV. x. 4.

Laugh, smile; "the world may l. again," *i.e.* fortune may smile on me again; II. iv. 82.

Lay, stake, wager (Folios 3, 4, "*day*"); V. ii. 27.

Leave, leave off, desist; II. i. 179; III. ii. 333.

Lesser, smaller; IV. x. 50.

Lewdly, wickedly; II. i. 164.

Liefest, dearest; III. i. 164.

Light, alight, descend; I. iii. 91.

Like; "an it l.," if it please; II. i. 9.

Limed, smeared with birdlime; I. iii. 89.

Lime-twigs, twigs smeared with lime for catching birds; III. iii. 16.

Listen after, gain information about; I. iii. 150.

Lived, would live; II. ii. 399.

Lizards' stings, alluding to the old belief that lizards have stings, which they have not; III. ii. 325.

Loather, more unwilling; III. ii. 355.

Lodged, beat down; technical term for the beating down of grain by violent weather; III. ii. 176.

London-stone, an ancient landmark, still carefully preserved in Cannon Street, London; IV. vi. 2.

From Aggas's *Map of London*, preserved in Guildhall.

Lordings, lords; I. i. 145.

Madding, growing mad with love; III. ii. 117.

Mail'd up in shame, "wrapped up in disgrace"; alluding to the "sheet of penance" (Johnson); II. iv. 31.

Main, chief point; used with play upon "*Maine*" and "*main force*"; I. i. 209.

Mained, maimed (Folio 4, "*maim'd*"); IV. ii. 163.

Make, draw up; IV. ii. 93.

Make shift, contrive; IV. viii. 33.

Mandrake, "a plant the root of which was supposed to resemble the human figure; it was said to cause madness and even death when torn from the ground"; III. ii. 310. (Illustration in *2 Henry IV.*)

Mass, by the mass; an asseveration; II. i. 101.

Mates, checkmates, confounds, disables; III. i. 265.

Mechanical, mechanic; I. iii. 194.

Meetest, most suitable; I. iii. 161.

Mercy; "I cry you m.," I beg your pardon; I. iii. 140.

Mickle, much, great (Folio 2, "*milckie*"; Folios 3, 4, "*milky*"); V. i. 174.

Middest, midst (Folio 4, "*midst*"); IV. viii. 64.

Minion, pert, saucy person; I. iii. 139.

Minister, instrument; III. i. 355.

Miscarry, perish; IV. viii. 49.

Misdoubt, diffidence; III. i. 332.

Monuments, memorials, mementos; III. ii. 342.

Morisco, morris-dancer; III. i. 365.

Mortal, deadly, fatal; III. ii. 263.

Mounsieur, Monsieur; IV. vii. 28.

Mournful, mourning, expressing sorrow; III. i. 226.

Muse, wonder; III. i. 1.

Naughty, bad, wicked; II. 1. 164.

Next; "the n.," what follows; III. i. 383.

Nigh, well-nigh, nearly; III. ii. 82.
Nominate, name; II. i. 129.
Notice, information (conj. "*note*"); III. i. 166.
Numbers; "factious n.," bands of factious retainers; II. i. 40.

Obligations, contracts; IV. ii. 93.
Obsequies, shows of love; III. ii. 146.
O'erweening, overbearing, presumptuous; V. i. 151.
Omitting, leaving unregarded; III. ii. 382.
Opposites, adversaries; V. iii. 22.
Order; "take o.," make arrangements, III. i. 320; manner, III. ii. 129.
Out, given out, *i.e.* given up (Walker, "*over*"; Cartwright, "*up*"); IV. viii. 27.
Over-blown, blown over, dispelled; I. iii. 153.

Packing, "send me p.," send me away; III. i. 342.
Pageant (trisyllabic); I. ii. 67.
Palmer's, pilgrim's; V. i. 97.
Palsy, paralysis; IV. vii. 98.
Paly, pale; III. ii. 141.
Part, party; V. ii. 35.
Particularities, single or private respects (opposed to "general" in previous line); V. ii. 44.
Pass, care, regard; IV. ii. 136.
Pen and ink horn; IV. ii. 108. *Cp.* illustration.

From an effigy in Ellesmere Church, Salop.

Period, end, stop; III. i. 149.
Perish, cause to perish; III. ii. 100.
Pinnace, a small two-masted vessel; IV. i. 9.
Pitch, the height to which a falcon soars; II. i. 6.
Plainness, frankness, sincerity; I. i. 101.
Plot, plot of ground, spot; II. ii. 60.
Pointing-stock, object to be pointed at, butt; II. iv. 46.
Pole, pronounced *Poole;* IV. i. 70.
Porpentine, porcupine (Rowe, "*porcupine*"); III. i. 363.
Port, deportment, carriage; IV. i. 19.
Posted over, slurred over; III. i. 255.
Pot; "three-hooped p.," a wooden drinking-vessel bound with hoops; IV. ii. 66.
Power, armed force; IV. iv. 40.
Practice, plotting; III. ii. 22.
Practised, plotted; II. i. 168.

Premised, sent before the time; (Delius, "*promised*"); V. ii. 41.

'Prentice, apprentice; I. iii. 199.

Presence, Cade's blunder for "*presents*"; IV. vii. 29.

Present, immediate; V. iii. 25.

Presently, immediately; I. i. 171; III. ii. 18.

Pretty-vaulting, bounding in a pleasant manner (Folios, "*pretty vaulting*"); III. ii. 94.

Priest, father-confessor; III. i. 272.

Private, retired; II. ii. 60.

Procurator, substitute, proxy; I. i. 3.

Proof; "his coat is of p.," used with a quibble on the two senses of "proof," (1) able to resist, (2) well-worn, long worn; IV. ii. 60.

Proper, handsome; IV. ii. 94.

Proportion, shape, form; I. iii. 55.

Puissant (dissyllabic); IV. ix. 25.

Pursuivant, a lower rank of herald, a state messenger; I. iii. 35.

Puttock's, kite's; III. ii. 191.

Quaint, fine; III. ii. 274.

Quill; "in the q.," *vide* Note; I. iii. 3.

Quillets, subtleties, sly tricks in argument; III. i. 261.

Quire, choir; I. iii. 90.

Quitting, freeing; III. ii. 218.

Rack'd, harassed by exactions; I. iii. 129.

Ragged, rugged, rough; III. ii. 98.

Rascal, rascally; II. iv. 47.

Raught, having been gained (lit. "reached"; Capell, "*w r e n c h e d*"; others = "reft"); II. iii. 43.

Razing, erasing, blotting out; I. i. 101.

Rear, raise; III. ii. 34.

Reave, deprive; V. i. 187.

Relent, yield, comply (Collier MS., "*repent*"); IV. viii. 11.

Remorse, pity, compassion; IV. vii. 107.

Remorseful, compassionate; IV. i. 1.

Repairing; "of such r. nature," *i.e.* so able to recover from defeat; V. iii. 22.

Repeal, recall from banishment; III. ii. 349.

Reprove, disprove, refute; III. i. 40.

Reputing of, boasting of (Rowe, "*by repeating*"); III. i. 48.

Respecting, considering; III. i. 24.

Revénues; I. iii. 81.

Reverent, humble; III. i. 34.

Revolt, turn back (Anon. conj. "*repent*"); IV. ii. 124.

Right now, just now; III. ii. 40.

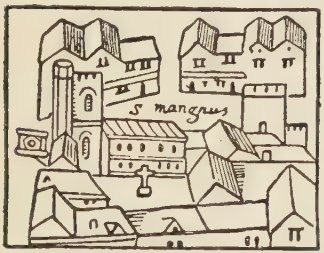
Roast; "rule the r.," Pope's emendation of Folios "*rost*," Quartos, "*roast*"; Grant White, "*roost*"; according to some the phrase originally meant "to rule the roost," *i.e.* the "hen-roost"; I. i. 109.

Rude, rough, ill-mannered; III. ii. 135.

Ruder, more unrefined; I. i. 30.

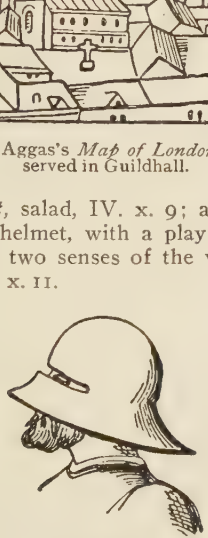
Sack, generic name for Spanish and Canary wine; II. iii. 60.

Saint Magnus' corner; IV. viii. 1.



From Aggas's *Map of London,* preserved in Guildhall.

Sallet, salad, IV. x. 9; a kind of helmet, with a play upon the two senses of the word; IV. x. 11.



From an illumination of the XVth century.

Sancta Majestas, sacred majesty (Pope, "*majesty*"; Capell, from Quartos, "*santa maestá*"); V. i. 5.

Savoy, the Palace of the Duke of Lancaster; destroyed by the rebels under Wat Tyler, and not rebuilt till the reign of Henry VII.; IV. vii. 2.

From Aggas's *Map of London,* preserved in Guildhall.

Saws, maxims, moral sayings; I. iii. 59.

Say, a kind of satin; IV. vii. 24.

Scathe, injury; II. iv. 62.

Score, a notch made on a tally; IV. vii. 35.

Seemeth; "me s.," it seems to me; III. i. 23.

Shearman, one who uses the tailor's shears; IV. ii. 132.

Shrewd, bad, evil; II. iii. 41.

Sicil, Sicily; I. i. 6.

Silent; "the s. of the night" (Collier MS., from Quartos, "*silence*"); I. iv. 18.

Silly, poor (used as a term of pity, not of contempt); I. i. 225.

Since, when; III. i. 9.

Sir, a common title of priests; I. ii. 68.

Skills, matters; III. i. 281.

Slough, the skin of a snake; III. i. 229.

Smart, painful; III. ii. 325.

Smooth, bland, insinuative; III. i. 65.
Smoothing, flattering; I. i. 156.
Smooth'st, flatterest; II. i. 22.
So, if only; V. i. 53.
Soft, hush, stop; II. iv. 15.
Sometime, sometimes; II. iv. 42.
Sophister, captious reasoner; V. i. 191.
Sort, company, set, II. i. 164; III. ii. 277.
Sort, adapt, make conformable, II. iv. 68; let it fall out, I. ii. 107.
Sour, bitter; III. ii. 301.
Span-counter, a game "in which one player throws a counter, which the other wins, if he can throw another to hit it, or lie within a span of it" (Nares); IV. ii. 157.
Spleenful, hot, eager; III. ii. 128.
Splitting, wont to split the sides of vessels; III. ii. 97.
Spoil, despoil, plunder; IV. iv. 53.
Sprays, shoots, twigs; II. iii. 45.
Starved, benumbed with cold; III. i. 343.
State, estate; IV. x. 24.
Stays, ceases, ends; II. iv. 76.
Stigmatic, one branded by nature with deformity; V. i. 215.
Still, continually; III. i. 239.
Stomachs, angry tempers; II. i. 56.
Strait, strict (Folio 4, "*strange*"); III. ii. 258.
Straiter, more severely; III. ii. 20.
Stray, vagrant; IV. x. 27.
Strength, army; III. i. 380.
Style; "large style"; high-sounding list of titles; I. i. 111.
Subornation, abetting, inciting; III. i. 45.
Subscribe, yield the point; III. i. 38.
Suddenly, immediately, at once; II. ii. 67.
Suffer'd, allowed to have his way; V. i. 153.
Sufficeth, it sufficeth; IV. x. 24.
Suffocate, suffocated (with a quibble upon "*Suffolk*"); I. i. 124.
Suspect, suspicion (Folios, "*suspence*"; Rowe, "*suspicion*"; Malone (Steevens), "*suspects*"); III. i. 40.
Swallowing; "for s.," that it may not swallow (Folios 3, 4, "*swallowing up*"); IV. i. 74.
Sworder, gladiator; IV. i. 135.
Sylla; Sulla, the rival of Marius; IV. i. 84.

Tainture, defilement; II. i. 185.
Take my death, take it upon my death; an oath; II. iii. 89.
Tally, a stick on which notches or scores were cut to keep accounts by; IV. vii. 35.
Temper, moisten, wet; III. i. 311.
Tend, attend, wait on; III. ii. 304.
Tender, have care for; III. i. 277.

That, would that; I. iv. 30; so that, III. i. 12.
Thorough, through; IV. i. 87.
Threatest, threatenest (Folios 3, 4, "*threaten'st*"); I. iv. 50.
Tickle, ticklish, unstable; I. i. 216.
Tickled, vexed, irritated; I. iii. 151.
Timeless, untimely; III. ii. 187.
Timely-parted, having died a natural death; III. ii. 161.
To, compared to; III. i. 64.
Towards, monosyllabic; III. ii. 90.
Tower, soar, fly high; II. i. 10.
Treasury, treasure; I. iii. 132.
Trencher, plate; IV. i. 57.
Trow'st, thinkest; II. iv. 38.
Tully, Cicero; IV. i. 136.
Tumble down, make to fall; I. ii. 48.
Twit, twitted; III. i. 178.
Two-hand sword, sword wielded with two hands; II. i. 46.

Uncivil, ill-mannered, rude; III. i. 310.
Uncurable, incurable (Folios 3, 4, "*incurable*"); III. i. 286.
Uneath, not easily; II. iv. 8.
Unmeet, unsuitable; I. iii. 167.
Untutor'd, untaught, rude; III. ii. 213.

Vantages, advantages; I. i. 131.
Verge, compass, circle; I. iv. 24.
Villiago, base coward (Theobald reads "*Villageois*"; Capell, "*Viliaco*"; a corruption of Italian *Vigliacco,* rascal; IV. viii. 48.
Void, devoid; IV. vii. 66.
Voiding lobby, ante-room, waiting room; IV. i. 61.

Waft, carry, bear; IV. i. 114.
Walter, pronounced "water"; IV. i. 31.
Waning, decline, loss (Rowe, "*waining*"; Folios, "*warning*"); IV. x. 22.
Ward, custody, confinement; V. i. 112.
Well given, well-disposed; III. i. 72.
What, who; III. i. 107; whatever, III. i. 132.
Where, whereas; III. ii. 394.
Whether, monosyllabic (Folios, "*where*"); III. ii. 265.
White Hart, probably a tavern in Southwark; used with a quibble on white-heart = cowardly (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*white-heart*"); IV. viii. 25.
Who, whom; III. ii. 127; he who; IV. viii. 14.
Whom, which; III. ii. 345.
Wink, shut your eyes; II. i. 105.
Witch, bewitch (Theobald's correction of Folios, "*watch*"); III. ii. 116.
With; "I am with you," I'll be there, I understand; II. i. 49.
Woe, woful; "be w. for me," be sorrowful, feel sorrow, for me; III. ii. 73.
Worm, snake, serpent; III. ii. 263.
Worn, effaced from memory; II. iv. 69.

Worthy, worthy of; III. i. 68.
Would, requires, desires; II. iii. 21.
Wreck, ruin (Folios, "*wrack*"); I. iii. 125.
Wrest, misinterpret; III. i. 186.
Wrested, took wrongfully; III. i. 112.

Y-clad, clad; I. i. 33.
Yet, still, even then; II. iv. 65.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 1. *'As by your high,'* etc.; *'The Contention'* reads:—*'As by your high imperial majesty's command.'*

I. i. 7. *'and'*; the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4 omit it.

I. i. 19. *'lends'*; Rowe, *'lend'st.'*

I. i. 50. *'duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine'*; changed by Capell from Quartos to *'dutchies of Anjou and Maine.'*

I. i. 63. *'kneel down'*; Pope reads *'kneel you down'*; Keightley, Collier MS., *'kneel thee down.'* Perhaps *'kneel'* is to be read as a dissyllable.

I. i. 88. *'Beaufort'*; Folios read *'Beauford'*; Rowe, *'Bedford.'*

I. i. 93. *'And had his highness in his infancy Crowned'*; Grant White's emendation of Folios, *'And hath . . . Crowned'*; Rowe reads, *'And was . . . Crowned'*; Capell, *'Or hath . . . Been crown'd'*; Malone, *'And hath . . . Been crown'd.'*

I. i. 102. *'Defacing'*; Capell reads, *'Reversing,'* following *'The Contention.'*

I. i. 247. *'humours fits'*; so Folios, Quartos; Rowe reads *'humour fits'*; Malone, *'humours fit.'*

I. ii. 22. *'My troublous dream this night doth make me sad'*; Capell's emendation of Folios, *'My troublous dreames . . . doth,'* etc.

I. ii. 38. *'And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd'*; *'are'*, Hanmer's correction from Quartos; Folios 1, 2, read, *'wer'*; Folios 3, 4, *'were.'*

I. ii. 59. *'thou wilt ride with us'*; Dyce, from Quartos, *'thou 'lt ride with us, I 'm sure'*; Hanmer, *'thou too wilt ride with us'*; Vaughan, *'thou; thou wilt ride with us.'*

I. ii. 71. *'What say'st thou? majesty!'*; Capell reads from Quartos, *'My majesty! why man'*; Vaughan, *'What say'st thou, "Majesty"?'* etc.

I. ii. 100. *'A crafty knave does need no broker'*; an old proverb given in Ray's collection.

I. iii. 3. '*In the quill*'; Hanmer, '*in quill*'; Jackson, '*in quiet*'; Singer, '*in the coil*'; Collier MS., '*in sequel,*' etc. In Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary, 1761, the phrase is rendered, '*ex compacto agunt.*' Halliwell and others explain it also as 'all together in a body.' This interpretation is borne out by a passage in '*The Devonshire Damsel's Frolic,*' one of the 'Songs and Sonnets in the collection called 'Choyce Drollery,' etc. (1656) :—

> "*Thus those females were all in a quill*
> *And following on their pastimes still.*"

No satisfactory explanation has yet been given of the origin of the phrase. The following solution is suggested:—'*the quill*' I take to be a popular elaboration of the more correct phrase '*a quill,*' which occurs in the ballad quoted; the latter seems to be a corruption of French *accueil,* O.F. *acueil, acoil, akel, achoil,* etc., 'a gathering together.' It is noteworthy that a verb '*aquyle*' occurs in one passage in Middle English, where in all probability, it is the English form of the verb '*accuelillir.*' (*Cp. Pearl,* ed. Gollancz, p. 122.)

I. iii. 31. '*master was*'; Warburton's emendation of Folios, '*mistress was.*'

I. iii. 69. '*haughty*'; probably an error for '*haught,*' the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Pope, '*proud.*'

I. iii. 91. '*to the lays*'; Rowe, '*their lays.*'

I. iii. 147. '*most master wear*'; '*master,*' Halliwell, '*masters*'; '*wear,*' so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*wears,*' '*most master*' = 'the one who is most master,' *i.e.* 'the queen.'

I. iii. 151. '*fume needs*'; Grant White (Dyce and Walker conj.) '*fury,*' which seems a most plausible emendation; '*needs,*' the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*can need*'; Keightley, '*needs now.*'

I. iii. 152. '*far*'; Pope reads '*fast,*' adopted by many editors.

I. iii. 206. '*This doom, my lord, if I may judge*'; Capell reads '*This do, my lord, if I may be the judge*'; Dyce from Quartos, '*This is my doom, my lord, if I may judge*'; Vaughan conjectured '*This doom, my lord, if I may judge, is law*'; Collier MS., '*This doom, my gracious lord, if I may judge.*'

I. iii. 216. '*the spite of man*'; Capell reads '*the sight of my master*'; Folios 2, 3, read '*the spite of my man*'; Folio 4, '*the spite of my master*'; Collier MS., '*the spite of this man*'; Steevens, '*the spite of a man*'; Vaughan conj. '*the spite of many.*'

I. iv. 34. *'What fates await'*; so Folios; Pope reads, *'Tell me what fates await'*; Capell, *'What fate awaits'*; Vaughan, *'What fates awaiteth them'*; Wordsworth, *'Tell me what fate awaits.'*

I. iv. 44. *'we watch'd you at an inch'*; Daniel, *'we've catch'd in the nick,'* or *'at the nick.'*

I. iv. 64. *'Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse'*; the ambiguous answer which Pyrrhus received from the oracle at Delphi before his war against the Romans; meaning either 'I say that thou, the descendant of Æacus, mayest conquer the Romans,' or, 'I say that the Romans may conquer thee, descendant of Æacus'; *'be'* inserted by Warburton; Folios 1, 2, read, *'Æacida'*; Folios, 3, 4, *'Æacide'*; Rowe, *'te Æacidem.'*

II. i. 24. *'Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?'* 'Is such resentment found in heavenly minds?' (*Æneid*, i. 15.) Omitted by Pope.

II. i. 26. *'With such holiness can you do it'*: omitted by Pope. Warburton, *'With such holiness can you not do it?'*; Johnson, *'A churchman, with such,'* etc.; Collier MS., *'And with such holiness you well can do it'*; the old play *'dote'* for *'do it.'* Many emendations have been proposed. If the original reading is retained, it must be considered ironical.

II. i. 29. *'you'*; Pope, *'yourself.'*

II. i. 34. *'furious'*; Folio 2, *'too-too furious.'*

II. i. 47. ll. 47 to 49, given in Folios to Gloster; corrected by Theobald.

II. i. 54. *'Medice, teipsum—'*; "Physician, heal thyself"; from the Vulgate (Luke iv. 23). Folios read *'Medice teipsum'*; Rowe, *'Medice cura teipsum'* etc.; omitted by Pope.

II. i. 69. *'To present your highness with the man'*; Pope reads, *'Before your highness to present the man'*; Capell, *'Come to present your highness with the man,'* etc.

II. i. 91. *'Simpcox'*; Pope's emendation (Theobold conj.) of Folios *'Symon'*; Capell, *'Saunder.'*

II. i. 135. *'things called whips'*; Halliwell and others quote from Armin's *Nest of Ninnies* (1608); 'There are, as Hamlet saies, *things cald whips in store*': this cannot refer, as has been supposed, to Hamlet's *'whips and scorns of time,'* but may well have occurred in the pre-Shakespearian *Hamlet*. The actual words are to be found in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*:—

> *"Well heaven is heaven still!*
> *And there is Nemesis, and furies,*
> *And things call'd whips."*

Perhaps Armin wrote 'Hamlet' when he meant 'Jeronimy.'

II. i. 180. '*vanquish'd*'; Walker, '*languish'd*'; Vaughan, '*banish'd.*'

II. ii. 6. '*at full*'; Folios 3, 4, '*thus at full*'; Capell, '*at the full*'; Keightley, '*at full length*'; Marshall, '*told at full.*'

II. ii. 15. '*Edmund*'; Folio 1 reads, '*Edmond*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Edward.*'

II. ii. 27. '*Richard was murder'd traitorously*'; Folio 1 reads '*Richard . . . traiterously*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*King Richard . . . traiterously*'; Pope, '*King Richard trait'rously was murther'd*'; Dyce, '*was harmless Richard murder'd traitorously.*'

II. ii. 28. '*told the truth*'; Hanmer reads '*told the very truth*'; Capell, '*surely told the truth*'; Keightley, '*told the truth in this*'; Marshall, '*the Duke of York hath told the truth.*'

II. ii. 35. '*Philippe,*' Hanmer's correction; Folio 1, '*Philip*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Philip*'; Collier MS., '*Philippa.*'

II. ii. 42. '*Who kept him in captivity till he died*'; "it was really his son-in-law, Lord Grey of Ruthvyn, and not Edmund Mortimer, whom, according to Hall, Owen Glendower kept in captivity till he died" (Malone).

II. ii. 55. '*York claims*'; Pope, '*York here claims*'; Capell, '*but York claims*'; Dyce, '*while York claims*'; Hudson, '*York doth claim.*'

II. iii. 3. '*sins*'; Theobald's emendation *of* '*sinne,*' Folios 1, 2; '*sin*' Folio 3.

II. iii. 14. '*Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death*'; Pope reads '*Welcome is exile,*' etc.; Anon. conjecture, '*Welcome is banishment; welcomer my death*'; Wordsworth, '*Welcome is banishment; welcome were death*'; '*banishment*' is probably to be considered a dissyllable.

II. iii. 20. '*I beseech*'; Hanmer, '*Beseech.*'

II. iii. 21. '*ease,*' the reading of Folios 1, 4; Folios 2, 3, '*cease.*'

II. iii. 29. '*Should be to be protected like a child*'; Collier MS. reads '*Should be protected like a child by peers.*' '*Should be to be*' = 'should need to be.'

II. iii. 30. '*God and King Henry govern England's realm*'; omitted by Capell; '*Realm,*' the reading of Folios; Steevens (Johnson conj.), '*helm*'; Dyce and Staunton, '*helm!*' In the next line Keightley proposed '*helm*' for '*realm.*'

II. iii. 32. Collier MS. inserts after l. 32, '*To think I fair would keep it makes me laugh.*'

II. iii. 35. *'willingly'*; Pope, *'willing'* (from Quartos).

II. iii. 46. *'youngest,'* so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, *'younger'*; Singer (Anon conj. MS.), *'strongest'*; Collier MS., *'proudest'*; Staunton, *'haughtiest'*; Kinnear, *'highest.'* Perhaps *'her'* may be taken to refer to *'pride.'*

II. iii. 55. *'defend'*; Pope, *'guard'*; Vaughan, *'fend.'*

II. iii. 92. *'blow'*; Warburton adds, from Quartos, *'as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.'*

II. iii. 100. *'Go, take hence that traitor from our sight'*; Hanmer, *'Go, and take hence,'* etc.; perhaps *'traitor'* should be read as a trisyllable.

II. iv. 3. *'Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold'*; Pope, *'The barren winter, with his nipping cold'*; Capell, *'Bare winter with his wrathful nipping cold'*; Mitford, *'The barren winter with his wrathful cold.'*

II. iv. 5. *'ten'*; Steevens, *''Tis ten o'clock'*; Lettsom, from Quartos, *''Tis almost ten.'*

II. iv. 12. *'laughing'*; so Folios 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'still laughing'*; Hudson (Lettsom conj.) *'and laughing.'*

II. iv. 25. *'thine enemies'*; Folio 4, *'their enemies'*; Rowe, *'our enemies.'*

II. iv. 31. *'with papers on my back'*; "criminals undergoing punishment usually wore papers on their backs containing their offence."

II. iv. 87. *'gone too?'*; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *'gone to?'* Collier MS., *'gone so?'*

III. I. 78. *'as is the ravenous wolf'*; Rowe's correction of Folios, *'as is . . . Wolues'*; Malone, *'as are . . . wolves'*; Vaughan, *'as the ravenous wolves.'*

III. i. 98. *'Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush'*; the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4. *'Well, Suffolk, yet thou,'* etc.; Malone, from Quartos, *'Well, Suffolk's duke, thou,'* etc.; Dyce (Walker conj.), *'Well, Suffolk, well, thou,'* etc.

III. i. 133. *'easy'*; Collier MS., *'easily'*; Walker, *'very'*; omitted by Wordsworth.

III. i. 151. *'But mine is,'* etc.; Hudson (Lettsom conj.), from Quartos, reads *'But I am,'* etc.; *'mine'* = 'my death.'

III. i. 211. *'strays'*; Theobald (adopting the conj. Thirlby), *'strives'*; Vaughan *'strains.'*

III. i. 223. *'Free loras'*; Hanmer, *'See, lords'*; Dyce (Collier MS.), *'Fair lords'*; Cambridge editors suggest *'My lords.'*

III. i. 280. *'spoke'*; so Folios; Hanmer, *'spoken.'*

III. i. 348. '*nourish*' (monosyllabic) = 'nurse' (verb); (Collier MS. reads '*march*').

III. i. 357. '*John Cade of Ashford*'; Seymour adds, '*with a headlong crew.*'

III. ii. 26. '*Nell*'; Theobald, '*Well*'; Capell, '*Meg*'; Malone, '*Margaret*'; Clark MS., '*well.*' The playwright here, as in other places (*cp.* below, lines 79, 100, 120), seems, by some strange error, to have thought of Eleanor instead of Margaret.

III. ii. 70. '*ay me*'; Pope reads '*ah me.*'

III. ii. 78. Lines 78 to 121 struck out in Collier MS.

III. ii. 79. '*Eleanor*'; *cp. supra,* Note, III. ii. 26.

III. ii. 80. '*Statuë and worship it*'; Keightley correction of Folios, '*Statue, and worship it*'; Rowe reads '*statue, and do worship to it*'; Capell, '*statue then, and worship it*'; Dyce, '*statua and worship it.*'

III. ii. 88. '*gentle*'; Singer (Anon. MS. conj. and Collier MS.) reads '*ungentle,*' destroying the whole point of the passage.

III. ii. 89. '*he,*' *i.e.* Æolus, the God of the winds.

III. ii. 100, 120. '*Eleanor,*' *cp. supra,* Note, III. ii. 26.

III. ii. 147. '*earthy*'; the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*earthly.*'

III. ii. 152. '*For seeing him I see my life in death*'; Folio 4 reads '*For . . . life is Death*'; Johnson, '*For . . . death in life*'; Capell, '*And . . . death in life*'; Rann, '*And . . . life in death*'; Vaughan, '*So . . . myself in death.*'

III. ii. 163. '*being all descended,*' *i.e.* "the blood being."

III. ii. 182. '*And both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's foes*'; the reading of Folio 1; Folio 2, '*were . . . death*'; Folios 3, 4, '*have . . . death*'; Capell first suggested true reading.

III. ii. 192. '*was dead*'; Vaughan, '*is dead,*' or '*was deaded,*' or '*was ended.*'

III. ii. 244. '*Lord Suffolk*'; the reading of Folios; Malone reads, from Quartos, '*false Suffolk.*'

III. ii. 262. '*harmful*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, read '*harmless.*'

III. ii. 308. '*enemy*'; Capell (from Quartos), '*enemies.*'

III. ii. 322. '*daintiest that*'; Theobald, '*daintiest meat*'; Hanmer (from Quartos), '*daintiest thing*'; Vaughan, '*daintiest cate.*'

III. ii. 344-5. '*That thou mightest think,*' etc. "That by the impression of my kiss forever remaining on thy hand, thou mightest think of those lips through which a thousand sighs will be breathed for thee" (Johnson).

III. ii. 359. '*thence*,' away from the land; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*hence*.'

III. ii. 366. '*no joy*'; Singer (Collier MS.), '*to joy*'; '*nought*,' Folios 3, 4, '*ought*.'

III. iii. 4. '*and feel no pain*'; Theobald reads, from Quartos, '*but one whole year*.'

III. iii. 21-2.

'*O beat away the busy meddling fiend*
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul.'

The annexed cut, from Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, depicts the angels of good and evil contending for a departing soul.

IV. i. 21, 22. '*The lives of those*,' etc., so Folios, with the exception of the note of exclamation, added by Grant White; Knight prints a note of interrogation; Nicholson, '*Shall the lives . . . sum?*' Marshall, '*The lives . . . shall they Be conterpoised*,' etc.

IV. i. 48. Omitted in Folios; restored by Pope (from Quartos).

IV. i. 50. In Folios this line is made part of preceding speech, with '*lowsie*' for '*lowly*,' restored by Pope (from Quartos).

IV. i. 70. 'Cap. *Yes, Pole.* Suf. *Pole!*' added by Capell from Quartos.

IV. i. 85. '*mother's bleeding*,' Rowe's correction of Folios, '*Mother-bleeding*.'

IV. i. 117. '*Gelidus timor occupat artus*,' *i.e.* "chill fear seizes my limbs"; the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1 reads, '*Pine gelidus*'; Theobald, '*Pœne gelidus*,' etc (*cp. Æneid*, vii. 446).

IV. i. 129. Lloyd, '*Exempt from fear is true nobility*.'

IV. i. 136. '*Brutus' bastard hand*'; Theobald proposed '*dastard*,' but afterwards withdrew his suggestion; Servilia, the mother of Brutus, became, it is true, the mistress of Julius Cæsar, but not until after the birth of Brutus.

IV. i. 137, 138. '*savage islanders Pompey the Great*'; the the story of Pompey's death is given in Plutarch; the murderers were Achillas, an Egyptian, and Septimius, who had served under him; perhaps they are described as 'islanders,' because the mur-

der was committed at Pelusium, an island-like spot in the midst of morasses at the easternmost mouth of the Nile.

IV. ii. 86. *'Chatham'*; Rowe's emendation; Folio 1, *'Chartam'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Chattam,'* etc.

IV. ii. 133. *'Adam was a gardener.' Cp.* illustration.

From a XIVth century sculpture at Rouen.

IV. iii. 9. *'a hundred lacking one'*; Malone, *'a hundred lacking one a week,'* from Quartos. In the reign of Elizabeth butchers were not allowed to sell flesh-meat in Lent; by special licenses, however, a limited number of beasts might be killed each week.

IV. iv. 22. Pope, *'Lamenting still and mourning Suffolk's death?'*

IV. iv. 43. *'Lord Say, the traitors hate thee'*; Folio 1, *'hateth'*; Capell, *'traitor rebel hateth'*; Marshall, *'the traitor Jack Cade hateth thee.'*

IV. vii. 36. *'thou hast caused printing to be used'*; printing was not really introduced into England until twenty years later.

IV. vii. 62, 63. Cæsar says in Book V. of the "Commentaries," *'Ex his omnibus sunt humanissimi qui Cantium incolunt,'* which Golding rendered (1590), *'Of all the inhabitants of this isle, the civilest are the Kentish folke.'*

IV. vii. 64. *'because full'*; Hanmer reads *'beauteous, full'*; Vaughan, *'bounteous, full,'* etc.

IV. vii. 72. *'But to maintain'* (Johnson; Rann); *'Kent to m.,'* the reading of Folios; Steevens, *'Bent to m.'*; Malone, *'Kent to m.,'* etc.

IV. vii. 92. *'The help of hatchet,'* so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'the help of a hatchet'*; Farmer, *'pap with a hatchet,'* a singularly happy emendation.

IV. vii. 113. *'Sir James Cromer'*; it was Sir William Cromer whom Cade beheaded.

IV. viii. 13. *'rebel'*; Singer's emendation (Collier MS. and Anon MS.) of Folios, *'rabble'*; Vaughan, *'ribald.'*

IV. ix. 26. *'Of gallowglasses and stout kernes'*; Hanmer

reads, *'Of desp'rate gallowglasses,'* etc.; Capell, *'Of nimble g.,'* etc.; Dyce, *'Of savage g.,'* etc.; *'stout'*; Mitford, *'stout Irish'*; *'kernes'*; Keightley, *'kernes, he'*; Vaughan, *'kernes supplied.'*

IV. ix. 29. *'arms'*; Folio 1, *'Armes'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Armies.'*

IV. ix. 33. *'calm'd,'* the reading of Folio 4; Folio 1, *'calme'*; Folio 2, *'claimd'*; Folio 3, *'claim'd'*; Beckett, *'cramp'd'*; Walker, *'chased.'*

IV. ix. 36. *'I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him'*; Staunton, *'Go, I pray thee, B.,'* etc.; Rowe reads, *'go and meet with him'*; Malone, *'to go and meet him'*; Steevens (1793), *'go forth and meet him'*; Collier (Collier MS.), *'then go and meet him'*; Dyce, *'go thou and meet him.'*

IV. x. 1. *'Fie on ambition'*; so the later Folios; Folio 1, *'Ambitions.'*

IV. x. 30. *'eat iron like an ostrich.'* *Cp.* illustration.

From a XVth century illumination.

IV. x. 46. *'That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent'*; Capell, *''squir'*; Marshall omits *'an,'* following Hall.

IV. x. 56. *'As for words whose greatness answers words'*; Rowe reads, *'As for more words,'* etc.; Mason, *'As for mere words,'* etc.; Dyce (Anon. conj.), *'But as for words,'* etc., etc.

IV. x. 62. *'God'*; Malone's correction (from Quartos) of *'Ioue'* of the Folios.

IV. x. 84. *'And as I thrust thy body in with my sword'*; Dyce (Lloyd conj.), omits *'in.'*

V. i. 74. *'Alexander Iden, that's my name'*; Capell, *'My name is Alexander Iden, sir'*; Hanmer, *'Ev'n Alexander,'* etc.; Edd., *'Iden, Alexander Iden,'* etc.; Keightley, *'Alexander Iden, that's my name, my liege,'* etc.

V. i. 78. *'Iden, kneel down. Rise up a knight'*; Hanmer reads, *'Iden kneel down; and rise thou up a knight'*; Dyce

(Lettsom conj.) '*Iden, kneel down. Iden, rise up a knight*'; Vaughan, '*Iden, kneel down; and now rise up Sir Alexander.*'

V. i. 95. '*darest*'; monosyllabic; Folio 1, '*dar'st*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*durst.*'

V. i. 109. '*these*'; Theobald's correction of '*thee*' of the Folios.

V. i. 130. '*mistakest*'; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, '*mistakes.*'

V. i. 146. '*fell-lurking*'; Roderick, '*fell-barking*'; Hudson (Heath conj.), '*fell-lurching*'; Collier (Collier MS.), '*fell-looking*'; Capell, '*fell lurking.*'

V. i. 170. '*shame*'; Dyce (Walker conj.), '*stain.*'

V. i. 211. '*victorious*'; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, read '*victorious noble.*'

V. ii. 28. '*La fin couronne les œuvres*'; *i.e.* 'the end crowns the work.' Folio 1 reads, '*Corrone les cumencs*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Corronne les oevres.*'

V. ii. 42. '*Knit earth and heaven together*'; Vaughan adds '*in one blase.*'

V. ii. 66. '*So, lie thou there*'; Malone supposes that a line has been omitted here, equivalent to '*Behold the prophecy is come to pass*'; Vaughan conj. adds '*fulfilling prophecy.*'

V. ii. 87. '*parts*'; Hanmer reads '*pow'rs*'; Warburton, '*party*'; Collier MS., '*frends*'; Dyce (Walker conj.), '*part.*'

V. iii. 1. '*of*'; Collier MS. (from Quartos), '*Old,*' adopted by Dyce.

V. iii. 29. '*faith*'; Malone's correction (from Quartos); Folios, '*hand.*'

London Bridge.
From an illumination in the poems of the Duke of Orleans (Royal MS., 16F2).

The Battle of Tewksbury.
From a contemporary MS. preserved in the Public Library at Ghent.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

58. *Anjou and Maine*:—The reader will observe that this *item* does not run the same as it did in the hands of Gloucester. Malone thinks that the words of the instrument could not thus vary while it was passing from the hands of Gloucester to those of the Cardinal. Some have supposed that Gloucester had caught the drift and substance of the document, but the dimness of his eyes prevented his reading with literal exactness. But others regard the discrepancy as due to an oversight on the part of the dramatist.

75-103. Every line of this speech, except the first, is marked by Malone, as being altered from the Quarto. That the reader may have a specimen of the changes in the Folio, we subjoin the whole speech as it stands in the Quarto:—

"Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphrey must unfold his grief.
What! did my brother Henry toil himself,
And waste his subjects, for to conquer France?
And did my brother Bedford spend his time,
To keep in awe that stout unruly realm?
And have not I and mine uncle Beaufort here
Done all we could to keep that land in peace?
And are all our labours, then, spent quite in vain?
For Suffolk he, the new-made duke that rules the roost,
Hath given away, for our King Henry's queen,
The duchies of Anjou and Maine unto her father.

Ah lords! fatal is this marriage, cancelling our states,
Reversing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as none had ne'er been done."

It will be seen upon comparison, that of twenty-eight lines fifteen were original in the Folio, though the new lines are little more than an amplification of the old thoughts.

105. *This peroration,* etc.:—This speech crowded with so many circumstances of aggravation.

115. *But wherefore weeps,* etc.:—The Salisbury of this play was Richard Neville, second son to Ralph Neville, whom we have met with in *Henry IV.* as Earl of Westmoreland. Richard was married to Alice, the only child and heir of Thomas Montacute, the Earl of Salisbury who was killed at the siege of Orleans in 1428; and thus brought that earldom into the Neville family. His oldest son, Richard, again, was married to Anne, the sister and heir of Henry Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, and so succeeded to that earldom in 1449. The dramatist, though he rightly makes Warwick the son of Salisbury, attributes to him the acts of Richard Beauchamp, the Earl of Warwick who figures in the preceding play.

134. *costs and charges*:—Thus Holinshed: "First, the King had not one penie with hir; and for the fetching of hir the Marquesse of Suffolk demanded a whole fifteenth in open parlement. And also there was delivered for hir the duchie of Anjou, the citie of Mans, and the whole countie of Maine, which countries were the verie staies and backestands to the duchie of Normandie."

194. *York*:—This Duke of York married Cicely, daughter to Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, by Joan, his first wife, who again, was daughter to John of Ghent by Catharine Swynford. Salisbury was the son of Westmoreland by a second wife. Of course therefore York's wife was *half-sister* to the Earl of Salisbury. The dramatist here anticipates. York, having been appointed to the regency of France a second time, was forced to give up that place to his rival, Somerset, and accept the government of Ireland instead; from which latter country he did not return till 1450, more than three years after the death of Cardinal Beaufort.

216. *tickle*:—So in Spenser's fragment, *Of Mutabilitie,* vii. 22:—

"O weake life! that does leane
On thing so *tickle* as th' unsteady Ayre,
Which every howre is chang'd, and altred cleane
With every blast that bloweth fowle or faire."

234, 235. *the fatal brand . . . Calydon*:—According to Ovid, the life of Meleager, Prince of Calydon, was made to depend on a certain firebrand; which being thrown into the fire by his mother Althea, he expired in great torments.

Scene II.

[*Duchess.*] This Duchess of Gloucester was Eleanor, daughter to Reginald Lord Cobham. The duke had formerly lived on such terms with Jacqueline of Bavaria, that she was commonly supposed to be his wife; but, as she already had a husband, John Duke of Brabant, from whose claim she could not get a legal release, her union with Gloucester was necessarily broken off. Meanwhile, the duke had been openly living with Eleanor Cobham as his mistress, insomuch that in 1423 the principal matrons of London went to the House of Lords with a petition against him for having neglected his lawful wife.

Scene III.

51 *et seq.* In the Quarto this passage reads thus:—

> "I tell thee, Poole, when thou didst run at tilt,
> And stol'st away our ladies' hearts in France,
> I thought King Henry had been like to thee,
> Or else thou hadst not brought me out of France."

As Marlowe has been thought to have written this play as printed in the Quarto, it seems but fair to quote a similar passage from his *Edward II.*:—

> "Tell Isabel, the queen, I look'd not thus,
> When for her sake *I ran at tilt in France,*
> And there unhors'd the Duke of Cleremont."

133-135. *Thy cruelty,* etc.:—The groundwork of these charges on the duke is thus stated in Holinshed: "The queene, a ladie of great wit, and no lesse courage, desirous of honour, and furnished with the gifts of reason, policie, and wisdome, disdaining that hir husband should be ruled rather than rule, first of all excluded the Duke of Glocester from all rule and governance,

not prohibiting such as she knew to be his mortal foes to invent and imagine causes and greefs against him and his, insomuch that diverse noblemen conspired against him. Diverse articles were laid against him in open councell, and especiallie one—That he had caused men, adjudged to die, to be put to other execution than the law of the land assigned."

143. *ten commandments*:—This appears to have been a popular phrase for *the ten fingers*. So in *Selimus, Emperor of the Turks*, 1594: "I would set a tap abroach and not live in fear of my wife's *ten commandments*." Again, in *Westward Hoe*, 1607: "Your harpy has set his *ten commandments* on my back." And in Udal's version of Erasmus's *Apothegms*: "When Xantippe had pulled awaye her husbandes cope from his backe, even in the open streete, and his familiar compaignons gave him a by warning to avenge suche a naughtie touche or pranke with his *tenne commandments*."

166-173. *I'll tell thee*, etc.:—The issue of this deadly feud between York and Somerset is thus related by Holinshed: "But the Duke of Summerset, still maligning the Duke of Yorkes advancement, as he had sought to hinder his dispatch at the first when he was sent over to the regent, likewise now wrought so, that the King revoked the grant made to the Duke of Yorke for enjoieng of that office the terme of other five yeeres, and with helpe of William Marquesse of Suffolke obteined that grant for himselfe. Which malicious deling the Duke of Yorke might so evill beare, that in the end the heate of displeasure burst out into such a flame, as consumed at length not onelie both those two noble personages, but also manie thousands of others."

191. *By these ten bones*:—We have just heard a duchess threaten to set her *ten commandments* in the face of a queen. We have here again a similar vulgar expression. It is, however, a very ancient popular adjuration, and may be found in many old dramatic pieces. So in *Jacke Jugler*:—

> *Jack.* Ye, mary, I tell thee Careawaye is my name.
> *Car.* And *by these tenne bones* myne is the same.

Scene IV.

30. It was believed that spirits raised by incantations remained above ground and answered questions with reluctance.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

97-129. *How long hast thou been blind?* etc.:—This passage between Gloucester and Simpcox is founded on a story told by Sir Thomas More, substantially as follows: One time, as King Henry VI. rode in progress, there came to the town of Saint Alban's a certain beggar, with his wife, and there was walking about the town, begging, saying that he was born blind, and was warned in a dream that he should come out of Berwick, where he had ever dwelt, to seek Saint Alban. When the King was come, and the town full of people, suddenly this blind man, at Saint Alban's shrine, had his sight; and the same was solemnly rung for a miracle, so that nothing else was talked of in all the town. It so happened that Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, a man no less wise than well-learned, called the poor man to him, and looked well upon his eyes, and asked whether he could never see anything in all his life before. When both himself and his wife affirmed fastly "no," then he looked advisedly upon his eyes again, and said, "I believe you say well, for methinketh ye cannot see well yet." "Yes, sir," quoth he; "I thank God and his holy martyr, I can see now as well as any man." "Ye can?" quoth the duke; "what colour is this gown?" Then anon the beggar told him. "What colour," quoth he, "is this man's gown?" He told him this also, without staying or stumbling, and so of all the colours that could be showed him. And when the duke saw that, he had him set openly in the stocks.

Scene II.

[*York.*] Herford says: "Margaret's chief opponent in the Second Part, the Duke of York, also has assigned to him a somewhat more commanding role than in the chronicle. Till near the close he plays a waiting game; but he plays it with more far-reaching and more unscrupulous policy than his historic prototype. Holinshed's York watches the two great obstacles in his path, Gloucester and Suffolk, successively ruined without his stir; the dramatic York is not prevented by Gloucester's warm advocacy of his claims to the French regency from actively 'levelling at his life.' Holinshed attributes Cade's revolt to incitements of 'those that favoured

the Duke of York.' In the play it is York himself who conceives the plan of stirring up in England this 'black storm.' At the very moment when he finally threw off hisdisguise and claimed the crown, the York of Holinshed and history was all but checkmated by a resolute move of the party in power. Rashly disbanding his troops on the King's compliance with his demand for Somerset's arrest, he was himself arrested and sent to the Tower; and his fate hung in the balance when the news of Edward's armed advance caused his sudden release. The York of the drama suffers a briefer anxiety. His arrest is no sooner proposed than Richard and Edward rush in to bail him, and his 'two brave bears,' Warwick and Salisbury, compel the appeal to arms which issues in the victory of Saint Albans."

Scene III.

11-13. This sentence fell upon the duchess in November, 1441. Holinshed gives the following account of the matter: "This yeare dame Eleanor Cobham, wife to the said duke, was accused of treason; for that she by sorcerie and enchantment intended to destroie the King, to the intent to advance hir husband unto the crowne. Upon this she was examined in saint Stephans chappell before the Bishop of Canterburie, and there convict and judged to doo penance in three open places within the citie of London; and after that to perpetuall imprisonment in the Ile of Man, under the keeping of sir John Stanlie knight." As this crime and punishment of the duchess had much to do in bringing about her husband's fall, there was good dramatic reason for setting it in close connection with the latter event, though in fact the two were over five years apart.

95. *I confess treason*:—This odd affair of Peter and Horner is founded on an incident told by Holinshed. It will be seen that the dramatist innovated upon the story, in making Horner "confess treason." "In the same yeare also," (1446) "a certaine armourer was appeached of treason by a servant of his owne. For proofe whereof a daie was given them to fight in Smithfield, insomuch that in conflict the said armourer was overcome and slaine; but yet by misgoverning of himselfe. For on the morrow, when he should come to the field fresh and fasting, his neighbours came to him, and gave him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort, that he was therewith distempered, and reeled as he went, and so was slaine without guilt. As for the false servant, he lived

not long unpunished; for being convict of felonie in court of assise, he was judged to be hanged, and so was, at Tiburne."

Scene IV.

27-57. The thirty-one lines of this speech are an expansion, but scarcely an improvement, as comparison will show, of twenty-three in the Quarto.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

[*Queen . . . Suffolk.*] In this Act the criminal passion of Margaret and Suffolk blossoms and goes to seed, setting Suffolk near the throne, and thereby at once feeding his pride and chafing the pride of his enemies; while the losses in France, before represented, are ever and anon recurring as matter of continual twittings and jerks, the rust of former miscarriages thus at the same time keeping the old wounds from healing, and causing the new ones to fester and rankle. As the amiable imbecility of the King invites and smooths the way for the arrogance and overweening of the Queen and her favourites, this naturally sets the aspiring and far-reaching York upon the policy of hewing away one after another the main supports of the rival house, that so at last he may heave it to the ground, and out of its ruins build up his own. "The character of the King," says Ulrici, "which had become effeminate and unmanly, required, as an organic contrast, a woman who had become masculine and depraved in character. For Henry's disgrace as a deceived husband was the consequence of his own fault in having allowed himself, with the disposition he possessed, to be persuaded to take such a wife. This his first and only active sin—all his later sins are but errors of omission—had accordingly to be more prominently brought forward in order to show how even the smallest germ of evil shoots up like rank weeds and becomes incalculable in the mischief it produces. The Queen reigns in the King's place, and turns bad into its very worst. He, thrust back by her love of dominion, sinks more and more into the mere semblance of a king; even the open infidelity of his wife no longer rouses him, and thus his peaceful, pious, humble nature—otherwise worthy of the highest praise—acquires

more and more the appearance of the most sinful weakness of character and want of energy. Accordingly, in Henry's relation to Margaret, we again have, in a new modification, the reflection of the fundamental idea of this Second Part."

83. *What news from France?*—Here, again, the dramatist anticipates. The parliament at Bury was opened February 10, 1447. On the 28th of the same month Gloucester was found dead. Somerset's return from France was not till September, 1450; in fact, he did not enter upon the regency till after this Parliament.

189 *et seq.* This was most likely suggested by the following from Holinshed: "Ofttimes it hapneth that a man, in quenching of smoke, burneth his fingers in the fire: so the Queene, in casting how to keepe hir husband in honour, and hirselfe in authoritie, in making awaie of this noble man brought that to passe which she had most cause to have feared; which was the deposing of hir husband, and the decaie of the house of Lancaster, which of likelihood had not chanced, if this duke had lived."

245. *'Tis York,* etc.:—York had more reason for desiring Humphrey's death, because he stood between him and the crown, which he had proposed to himself in his ambitious views. Thus in the closing lines of this Scene he says:—

> "For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
> And Henry put apart, the next for me."

355-359. *for a minister,* etc.:—There is no proof that York was any way privy to the insurrection of Cade, save that it fell out very opportunely for his purpose, and those engaged in it were generally favourable to his claim: for which cause he was naturally suspected to have set it on foot; and that suspicion, ripened into belief, was no doubt handed down to the dramatist's time in the bundle of "Lancastrian prejudices." This speech of York's, however, makes a capital point in the drama, as it represents him to have been the conscious designer, as in fact he was to a great extent the real occasion of the following events; and it was plainly more dramatic to set him forth as the maker of circumstances than as merely the user of them. In the Quarto this speech has but twenty-five lines, which are here rather consolidated than expanded into fifty-three.

365. *a wild Morisco*:—A dancer in a morris-dance, originally, perhaps, meant to imitate a Moorish dance, and thence named. The bells sufficiently indicate that the English morris-dancer is intended. It appears from Blount's *Glossography,* and some of

our old writers, that the dance itself was called a *morisco*. Florio, in the first edition of his *Italian Dictionary*, defines "Moresca, a kind of morice or antique dance, after the *Moorish* or Ethiopian fashion."

Scene II.

14. *Away! be gone*:—The common belief of the people, and the no less common report of the chroniclers was, that the Duke of Gloucester was murdered, by procurement of the Queen, Suffolk, and Somerset: which would doubtless have justified the dramatist's representation, even if he had known the truth to be otherwise; for the very fact of such a belief proves, in some sort, that the thing believed was consonant to the spirit of the time. The strongest argument in the question is derived from Whethamstede, Abbot of Saint Alban's, and is strongly stated by Lingard, thus: "That writer, who had received many benefits from the duke, was much attached to his memory, which he vindicates on all occasions, and equally prejudiced against his enemies, whom he calls *canes, scorpiones, impii susurrones*. And yet, though he wrote when the royal party was humbled in the dust, and he had of course nothing to fear from their resentment, he repeatedly asserts that the duke fell ill immediately after his arrest, and died of his illness." The duke was arrested on the second day of the Parliament at Bury, and seventeen days after was found dead in his bed. Holinshed gives him the noblest character

83. *awkward wind*:—The same uncommon epithet is applied to the wind by Marlowe in his *Edward II.*: "With *awkward winds*, and with sore tempests driven." And by Drayton, Epistle from *Richard II. to Queen Isabell*:—

> "And undertook to travaile dangerous waies,
> Driven by *awkward winds* and boisterous seas."

161. *Ghost* was often used thus for *corpse* by the old writers. In a later passage of the original play the word *ghost* is again used as in the present instance. Young Clifford, addressing himself to his father's dead body, says:—

> "A dismal sight! see where he breathless lies,
> All smear'd and welter'd in his lukewarm blood!
> Sweet father, to thy *murder'd ghost* I swear."

297. *The world*, etc.:—The storm of the commons against Suffolk did not burst forth till January, 1450, and was immediately

occasioned by the disasters in France under Somerset's regency. As usual in such cases, many terrible crimes were charged upon Suffolk, but none of them were proved; and he fell at last by violence, not by law. Holinshed has the following account of his fall: "The Queene, which intirely loved the duke, doubting some commotion and trouble to arise, if he were let go unpunished, caused him for a colour to be committed to the Tower: where he remained not past a moneth, but was againe delivered and restored to the Kings favour, as much as ever he was before. This dooing so much displeased the people, that if politike provision had not beene, great mischeefe had immediately insued. When the King perceived that there was no remedy to appease the peoples furie by anie colourable waies, shortlie to pacifie so long an hatred he banished the Duke of Suffolke for tearme of five yeares, meaning by this exile to appease the malice of the people for the time, and after to revoke him home againe."

310. The old superstition touching the *mandrake* is thus exposed by Sir Thomas Browne in his *Vulgar and Common Errors*, ii. 6: "The third affirmeth the roots of mandrakes do make a noise, or give a shriek, upon eradication; which is indeed ridiculous, and false below confute; arising, perhaps, from a small and stridulous noise, which, being firmly rooted, it maketh upon divulsion of parts. The last concerneth the danger ensuing; that there follows an hazard of life to them that pull it up; that some evil fate pursues them, and they live not long after."

333. *You bade me ban*:—This inconsistency is very common in real life. Those who are vexed to impatience, are angry to see others less disturbed than themselves; but when others begin to rave, they immediately see in them what they could not find in themselves, the deformity and folly of useless rage.

375. *whispers to his pillow*:—So in *Macbeth*, V. i.: "Infected minds to their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets." The passage stands thus in the Quarto:—

> "Sometimes he calls upon Duke Humphrey's ghost,
> And whispers to his pillow as to him."

The Cardinal died at his palace of Wolvesey, April 11, 1447, which was six weeks after the death of Gloucester. He was eighty years of age. The chroniclers give him a very bad character, but it is remarkable that they do not specify facts to bear out their charges. Lingard vindicates him: "That he expired in the agonies of despair, is a fiction which we owe to the imagination of Shake-

speare: from an eye-witness we learn that during a lingering illness he devoted most of his time to religious exercises. According to the provisions of his will, his wealth was chiefly distributed in charitable donations."

381 *et seq.* "Why do I lament a circumstance of which the impression will pass away in an hour; while I neglect to think on the loss of Suffolk, my affection for whom no time will efface?"

Scene III.

1-4. This scene was evidenly founded, in part, on a passage in Hall: "Doctor John Baker, his privy counsellor and his chaplain, wrote that he, lying on his death bed, said these words: 'Why should I die, having so many riches? If the whole realm would save my life, I am able either by policy to get it, or by riches to buy it. Fie! will not death be hired, nor will money do nothing? When my nephew of Bedford died, I thought myself half up the wheel; but when I saw my other nephew of Gloucester deceased, I thought myself able to be equal with kings, and so thought to increase my treasure in hope to have worn a triple crown. But I see now the world faileth me, and so I am deceived; praying you all to pray for me!'" Lingard discredits this story.

33. This Scene may be compared with the following from *The First Part of the Contention*, Scene xi.:—

Enter King and Salsbury, and then the curtaines be drawne, and the Cardinall is discovered in his bed, raving and staring as if he were madde.

Car. Oh death, if thou wilt let me live but one whole yeare,
Ile give thee as much gold as will purchase such another iland.

King. Oh see my Lord of Salsbury how he is troubled.
Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must save thy soule.

Car. Why died he not in his bed?
What would you have me to do then?
Can I make men live whether they will or no?
Sirra, go fetch me the strong poison which the Pothicary sent me.
Oh see where Duke Humphreys ghoast doth stand,
And stares me in the face. Looke, looke, coame downe his haire.
So now hees gone againe: Oh, oh, oh.

Sal. See how the panges of death doth gripe his heart.
King. Lord Cardinall, if thou diest assured of heavenly blisse,
Hold up thy hand and make some signe to us.
[*The Cardinall dies.*
Oh see he dies, and makes no signe at all.
Oh God forgive his soule.
Sal. So bad an ende did never none behold,
But as his death, so was his life in all.
King. Forbeare to iudge, good Salsbury forbeare,
For God will iudge us all.
Go take him hence, and see his funerals be performde.
[*Exet omnes.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

50-52. Suffolk's boast of his own blood was hardly warranted by his origin. On his mother's side he was distantly related to Henry VI., but not through the Lancastrian race. If the dramatist had known his pedigree, which was humble, he would not have failed to make some of his adversaries reproach him with it.

117. *Gelidus timor occupat artus*:—The source of this quotation has not been discovered. It may be a corruption of Virgil's "*Subitus tremor* occupat artus" (*Æn.*, vii. 446), or possibly a modification of Ovid, (*Met.*, iii. 40).

142. *his head and lifeless body*:—The fate of Suffolk is despatched in few words by the chroniclers. Thus Holinshed, following Hall: "But Gods justice would not that so ungracious a person should so escape: for when he shipped in Suffolke, intending to transport himselfe over into France, he was incountered with a ship of warre, appertaining to the Duke of Excester, constable of the Tower of London, called the Nicholas of the Tower. The capteine of that barke with small fight entered into the dukes ship, and, perceiving his person present, brought him to Dover road, and there on the one side of a cocke bote caused his head to be striken off, and left his bodie with the head lieng there on the sands. Which corps, being there found by a chapleine of his, was conveied to Wingfield college in Suffolke, and there buried." His death occurred in May, 1450.

Scene II.

34. *a cade of herrings*:—Tom Nash speaks of having weighed one of Gabriel Harvey's books against *a cade of herrings*, and ludicrously says, "That the rebel Jack Cade was the first that devised to put red herrings in *cades*, and from him they have their name." *Cade*, however, is derived from *cadus*, Latin, a cask. A *cade* was a cask for containing probably six hundred herring. Cade, with more learning than should naturally belong to his character, alludes to his name as from *cado*, to *fall*.

66. *three-hooped pot*, etc.:—These drinking vessels of our ancestors were of wood. Nash, in his *Pierce Pennilesse*, says: "I believe *hoopes* in quart pots were invented to that end, that every man should take his *hoope*, and no more."

72, 73. *there shall be no money*:—"To mend the world by banishing money," says Johnson, "is an old contrivance of those who did not consider that the quarrels and mischiefs which arise from money, as the signs or tickets of riches, must, if money were to cease, arise from riches themselves, and could never be at an end till every man were contented with his own share of the goods of life."

99. *on the top of letters*:—That is, on the top of Letters Missive and such like public acts. So in the old anonymous play of *King Henry V.*, the Archbishop of Bruges says: "I beseech your grace to deliver me your safe conduct, under your broad seal *Emanuel*." The king answers: "Deliver him safe conduct under our broad seal *Emanuel*."

Scene III.

12. [*brigandine.*] So Holinshed: "Jack Cade, upon his victorie against the Staffords, apparelled himselfe in sir Humfries brigandine, set full of gilt nailes, and so in some glorie returned againe toward London."

Scene IV.

28. *Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer*:—Knight observes that "the following curious entry is found in the Issue Roll, 29th Henry VI.: 'To *Alexander* Eden, *Sheriff of Kent*, and to divers other persons of the same county. In money paid to them, viz., by the hands of *Gervase Clifton*, 100*l.*, and by *John Seynder*, 166*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, in part payment of 1000 *marks*, which the

Lord the King commanded to be paid to the *same Alexander* and others, as well for taking JOHN CADE, *an Irishman, calling himself John Mortymer*; a great rebel, enemy, and traitor to the King, as also for conducting the person of *John Cade* to the Council of the King, after proclamation thereof made in London, to be had of his gift for their pains in the matter aforesaid. By writ of privy seal amongst the mandates of this term (Easter), 266*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*'"

Scene VI.

[*Jack Cade and the rest.*] In Holinshed, Jack Cade and his followers do not appear at all as the crazy Calibans whom the dramatist depicts. The chief of their grievances, in fact, was that the King alienated the crown revenues and lived on the taxes; and, moreover, they complained of abuses of all sorts in the execution of the laws and the raising of revenue. The third article of their memorial stands in striking contrast to their action in the play; for it points out that nobles of royal blood (probably meaning York) are excluded from the King's "dailie presence," while he gives advancement to "other meane persons of lower nature," who close the King's ears to the complaints of the country, and distribute favours, not according to law, but for gifts and bribes. Moreover, they complain of interferences with freedom of election, and, in short, express themselves quite temperately and constitutionally. Finally, in more than one passage of the complaint, they give utterance to a thoroughly English and patriotic resentment of the loss of Normandy, Gascony, Aquitaine, Anjou, and Maine.

5, 6. *treason . . . Mortimer*:—Holinshed says: "He also put to execution in Southwarke diverse persons, some for breaking this ordinance, and other being his old acquaintance, lest they should bewray his base linage, disparaging him for his usurped name of Mortimer."

15. *sct London bridge on fire*:—At that time London bridge was of wood, and the houses upon it were actually burnt in this rebellion. Hall says "he entered London, and cut the ropes of the drawbridge."

Scene VII.

23-49. A comparison of this speech as it is in the Quarto will show that it gained nothing in humour by the revisal: "Come

hither, thou Say, thou George [serge], thou buckram lord, what answer canst thou make unto my mightiness, for delivering up the towns in France to monsieur Bus-mine-cue, the dolphin of France? And, more than so, thou hast most traitorously erected a grammar-school, to infect the youth of the realm; and against the King's crown and dignity thou hast built up a paper-mill: nay, it will be said to thy face, that thou keep'st men in thy house that daily read of books with red letters, and talk of a noun and verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear is able to endure it. And, besides all this, thou hast appointed certain justices of the peace in every shire, to hang honest men that steal for their living; and because they could not read, thou hast hung them up, only for which cause they were most worthy to live."

107-115. The following is Holinshed's account of these doings: "After that, he entered into London, cut the ropes of the drawbridge, and strooke his sword on London stone, saieng, 'Now is Mortimer lord of this citie.' And, after a glosing declaration made to the maior touching the cause of his thither comming, he departed againe into Southwarke, and upon the third daie of Julie he caused sir James Fines, Lord Saie, and treasurer of England, to be brought to the Guildhall, and there to be arreigned; who, being before the Kings justices put to answer, desired to be tried by his peeres, for the longer delaie of his life. The capteine, perceiving his dilatorie plee, by force tooke him from the officers, and brought him to the standard in Cheape, and there caused his head to be striken off, and pitched it upon an high pole, which was openlie borne before him through the streets. And, not content herewith, he went to Mile-end, and there apprehended sir James Cromer, then sheriffe of Kent, and sonne-in-law to the said Lord Saie, causing him likewise to be beheaded, and his head to be fixed on a pole. And with these two heads this bloudie wretch entred into the citie againe, and as it were in spite caused them in everie street to kisse together, to the great detestation of all the beholders."

Scene IX.

26. *gallowglasses . . . kernes*:—"The *Galloglasse*," as stated in Stanihurst's *Description of Ireland*, "useth a kind of pollax for his weapon. These men are grim of countenance, tall of stature, big of limme, lusty of body, wel and strongly timbered.

The *kerne* is an ordinary foot-soldier, using for weapon his sword and target, and sometimes his piece, being commonly good marksmen."

Scene X.

90. The dramatist in this passage has wandered from the line of historical fact, with a view, no doubt, to relieve his scenes of strife and hatred with a passage of rural quiet and unambitious comfort. Iden had in fact just been appointed sheriff of Kent, and was in pursuit of Cade, having left home for that very purpose. The matter, however, is thus given by Holinshed: "A gentleman of Kent, named Alexander Eden, awaited so his time, that he tooke the said Cade in a garden in Sussex; so that there he was slain at Hothfield, and brought to London in a cart, where he was quartered, his head set on London bridge, and his quarters sent to diverse places to be set up in the shire of Kent." Cade's flight occurred on the 9th of July, 1450, and his death but two days after.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

41. York's arrival from Ireland was in September, a few weeks after Cade's death. Proceeding to London with a retinue of four thousand men, he wrung from the King a promise that he would call a Parliament, and then retired to one of his castles. Upon the return of Somerset from France a few days later, the old enmity between them revived with greater fierceness than ever. The next year York withdrew into Wales, and there gathered an army of ten thousand men; and when the King went against him with a much larger force, he turned aside and passed on into Kent, and encamped himself near Dartford. From thence he sent word to the King that his coming was but to remove certain evil counsellors, especially Somerset, and promising to dissolve his army, if that nobleman were committed to prison, and held to answer in open Parliament whatever charges might be laid against him. The issue of the negotiation thereupon is thus stated by Holinshed: "After all this adoo, it was agreed upon by advise, for the avoiding of bloudshed, and pacifieng of the duke and his people, that the Duke of Summerset was committed to ward, as some

say, or else commanded to keepe himselfe privie in his owne house for a time."

122. [*Enter Edward and Richard.*] At this time, 1455, Edward, York's oldest son, was but ten years old. However, Holinshed relates, that "whilest the councell treated of saving or despatching the Duke of Yorke, a rumour sprang through London, that Edward Earle of March, sonne and heire-apparent to the said duke, with a great armie of Marchmen was comming toward London; which tidings sore appalled the Queene and the whole councell." The issue of this trouble was, that "the councell set the Duke of Yorke at libertie, and permitted him to go to his castell of Wigmore, in the marches of Wales, by whose absence the Duke of Summerset rose in such high favour, both with the King and Queene, that his voice onelie ruled, and his voice alone was heard."

131. *Bedlam*:—This "hospitall for distracted people," was founded, according to Stowe, by Simon Fitz-Mary, one of the sheriffs of London, in the year 1246. It was called "The Hospital of St. Mary of *Bethlehem*"; which latter term was corrupted into *Bedlam*. In this part of the Scene, the dramatist, in order to come at once upon the battle of Saint Alban's, overleaps a period of three years, from March, 1452, to the spring of 1455, during which time the Queen gave birth to a son, who was named Edward, and, the King having fallen into a state of bodily and mental imbecility, York regained the ascendancy and became protector, and Somerset was committed to the Tower, but, upon the King's recovery not long after, was released; whereupon York withdrew into Wales, and gathered the army which fought on his side in the ensuing battle.

134, 135. *let him to the Tower,* etc.:—It was Somerset, not Clifford, that gave this advice.

157, 158. *Hence, heap of wrath*, etc.:—In the stage direction of the Quarto we have, "Enter the Duke of York's sons, Edward the Earl of March and *crook-back Richard*, at the one door, with Drum and Soldiers." The dramatist here anticipates by many years; for as York's oldest son was at this time but thirteen, and as there were two others, Edmund and George, between him and Richard, of course the latter could have had no part in these transactions. A similar anticipation touching Prince Henry occurs near the close of *Richard II.* "This thing," says Hudson, "is so in keeping with Shakespeare's method of art, that it may go far towards inferring his authorship of the original play."

Scene II.

28. [*Clifford falls.*] The author, in making Clifford fall by the hand of York, has departed from the truth of history. This circumstance, however, serves to prepare the reader or spectator for the vengeance afterwards taken by Clifford's son on York and Rutland. At the beginning of Part III. the dramatist represents Clifford's death as it really happened:—

> "Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breast,
> Charged our main battle's front, and breaking in
> Were by the swords of common soldiers slain."

69. *Hath made the wizard famous*:—Referring to the prediction of the Spirit in I. iv. 37-39, Holinshed says: "There died under the signe of the castell, Edmund Duke of Summerset, who, as hath been reported, was warned long before to avoid all castels." This Edmund was brother to John Beaufort, the Somerset of the preceding play, and succeeded to the title at his death in 1432. He was the King's nearest surviving relative, being grandson to John of Ghent, and, after the fall of Suffolk, was looked to and trusted by his royal kinsman as a counterpoise to the ambition of York. He left three sons, Henry, Edmund, and John, who, says the chronicler, "to the extremitie of death tooke part with the line of King Henrie."

Scene III.

9. *Three times bestrid him*:—That is, three times I saw him fallen, and striding over him defended him till he recovered. This act of friendship Shakespeare has frequently mentioned.

Questions on 2 Henry VI.

ACT FIRST.

1. At the opening of the play, what commission does Suffolk surrender as completed?

2. How does this episode resemble that of Guinevere and Lancelot? How is the parallel more strongly suggested in a speech of Margaret in a subsequent scene?

3. What were the formal conditions of Margaret's marriage? How did these terms affect the nobles? Was their apparent cause for disaffection more than a subterfuge?

4. What was York's special grievance, and what purposes for the future does he form?

5. What was Gloucester's dream as told by him in Sc. ii.? What does it foreshadow?

6. What did the Duchess Eleanor dream? How is it shown that her dream has no vital relation to forthcoming events?

7. Why is the mystery of Eleanor's machination so soon uncovered?

8. What is effected by the first two speeches of Sc. iii.?

9. Show how far-reaching was the effect of Peter's petition. Compare this dramatic expedient with one in a later play—*Much Ado About Nothing*—where an apparently irrelevant act of the stupid lower classes has an important bearing upon the lives of the people of the upper world. Suggest the implication here contained.

10. Account for the feelings back of Queen Margaret's speech beginning line 43.

11. What is foreshadowed in Warwick's speech, line 113?

12. How does Gloucester decide the dispute as to the regency? What does it portend to himself?

13. Explain the prophecies of the Spirit in Sc. iv.

ACT SECOND.

14. What things are done in the King's presence in Sc. i.?

15. How does he comment on hawking; on the barons' quarrel; on the sight of the impostor Simpcox and his detection by Gloucester?

16. What manner of mind does the King display here?

17. How does Simpcox's wife show herself and her husband to be impostors before Gloucester undertakes to unmask them?

18. What is the purpose of this episode as it relates to the King? As it relates to Gloucester?

19. If, as concerns Gloucester, the dramatist's purpose is to point the irony of the situation—that is, the triumph over Simpcox, the sarcastic applause of the peers, and the news of Duchess Eleanor's arrest—are not the elements of the situation rather incongruous, partaking on the one hand of farce and on the other of tragedy?

20. What historical blunders does Sc. ii. contain? What is the assumption contained in York's reply (line 64) *We thank you, lords?*

21. Why does Margaret taunt Gloucester after he is deprived of his office?

22. What was decided according to ancient custom by the trial by combat? To what classes of society was this custom relegated?

23. What penance was imposed upon Eleanor? Why does she long for her prison? Why does she end her dramatic life at this point?

24. Compare her character with that of Margaret. Wherein were there resemblances? Which was the stronger individuality?

25. Does either of the women accomplish on the other the revenge that she threatens?

ACT THIRD.

26. What actuates Margaret to her denunciation of Gloucester?

27. Did Henry fear or love him?

28. Upon what plea does Henry leave the Parliament after the arrest of Gloucester?

29. Show the reasons why each of the enemies of Gloucester desires his death. Who assumes the office of executioner?

30. What motives had the council for sending York into Ireland?

31. How are his own purposes served by this act?

32. How is John Cade introduced? How does York describe his personal qualities? What chance resemblance is made use of?

33. What dramatic effect is secured by informing the spectators of Gloucester's death before Suffolk comes in to inform the King?

34. Whom does Henry suspect of being the murderer? Why does Margaret try to turn the King's mind to herself by imputing to him neglect?

35. Indicate the dramatic purpose of the scene of inquisition over the dead body of Gloucester.

36. To what does the clamour of the commons urge the King? Was Henry's oath deliberate, or the resort of a distracted weakling?

37. What motive holds him to his decree banishing Suffolk?

38. Which are the more terrible, the imprecations of Suffolk, or those of the Queen?

39. The love-passages between Suffolk, though unhistorical, yet seem dramatically warranted as a completion of the Queen's character. Comment upon this.

40. Comment on the Queen's speech in Sc. ii. beginning line 9. Does she show traces of a conscience?

41. What is the purpose in exhibiting the death of the cardinal?

42. What has been effected dramatically by the long quarrel, begun in Part I., between Gloucester and the Cardinal?

43. Does the end of Act III. mark the climax of the trilogy?

ACT FOURTH.

44. Do you judge that Shakespeare wrote Sc. i.? Comment upon the undramatic character of the Captain's speeches. Compare them with the speeches of the Captain in *Twelfth Night*.

45. Remark upon the following aspects of the Cade scenes in this Act: the logic of mobs; their humour; the mutual distrust of their members; their servile aping of the aristocracy; their suspicion of all the attributes of culture; their cruelty and brutality.

46. How did the King propose to deal with the insurrectionists?

47. How are some of the historic facts of the Wat Tyler rebellion mingled with this later uprising?

48. Is it possible to deduce from these scenes somewhat of Shakespeare's political beliefs? What would he think of universal suffrage?

49. What quality does Cade show in line 107 of Sc. vii.?

50. What fundamental characteristic of mobs does Sc. viii. exhibit?

51. How are the arrested multitude treated by the King? What premonition does this afford of his attitude towards the impending greater menace of York?

52. How is Cade finally subdued? Does Shakespeare allow him any traits that enlist the sympathies?

53. Considering 2 *Henry VI.* as a unit, how does Act IV. contribute to the resolution?

ACT FIFTH.

54. With what pretext does York appear with his armed force? What leads him to declare his real purposes?

55. How does young Richard Plantagenet declare himself in Sc. i.? What does he afterwards become?

56. Who go over to the cause of York?

57. What is the result of the battle of Saint Alban's as concerns the cause of York?

58. To what action is Henry stirred?

For general questions see end of 3 *Henry VI.*

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